

SLINGSHOT

STOPPING TRAFFIC IN SACRAMENTO DISABILITY RIGHTS ACTIVISTS FIGHT TO REMAIN INDEPENDENT!

By Dee

The Terminator was not home to see the women in wheelchairs and hospital beds hauled away by Sacramento police. Over 20 people blockaded the street outside California's state Capitol with tents and wheelchairs. A military man in a Hummer revved his engine as he yelled, "Why do they gotta be out here in the streets like this?!" With passion, a woman replied: "Because I'd rather get arrested in the streets than die in a nursing home!" The cops were their own comic relief, slicing our larger-than-life Schwarzenegger effigy with knives, shoving it over in a dramatic enactment evocative of Saddam's statue being toppled during the fall of Baghdad. All in a day's work, they dragged the gruesome, axe-wielding puppet into custody.

California's budget deficit has led politicians to cut essential social services yet again, pushing those teetering at the margins of society into grave uncertainty. The latest round of cuts affect the potential independence of 470,000 elderly and disabled Californians who depend on the landmark In-Home Supportive Services (IHSS) to accomplish daily tasks of

under the Americans with Disabilities Act.

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OVERCOMING WAR THINK

By Jesse D. Palmer (aka PB Floyd)

After nine years, it feels like the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq may drag on forever. Obama's announcements of a gradual drawdown and pullout are at odds with the 50,000 military "advisors" in Iraq and the seemingly-thriving armed resistance to occupation in Afghanistan. We've been living with war for so long that we've become numb and apparently unable to resist. Anti-war protests are either tiny or don't happen at all. War now seems normal and even invisible to many people. But these wars are not inevitable nor are they permanent — we can still rise up and stop them.

A key lesson of these wars is that power has its limits. The US military — the most powerful, modern, well-funded fighting force in history with all its drones and computers and disciplined hierarchy — can't really win these wars against a handful of ragtag, do-it-yourself, guerilla fighters. Understanding that power is limited is crucial to our resistance to these

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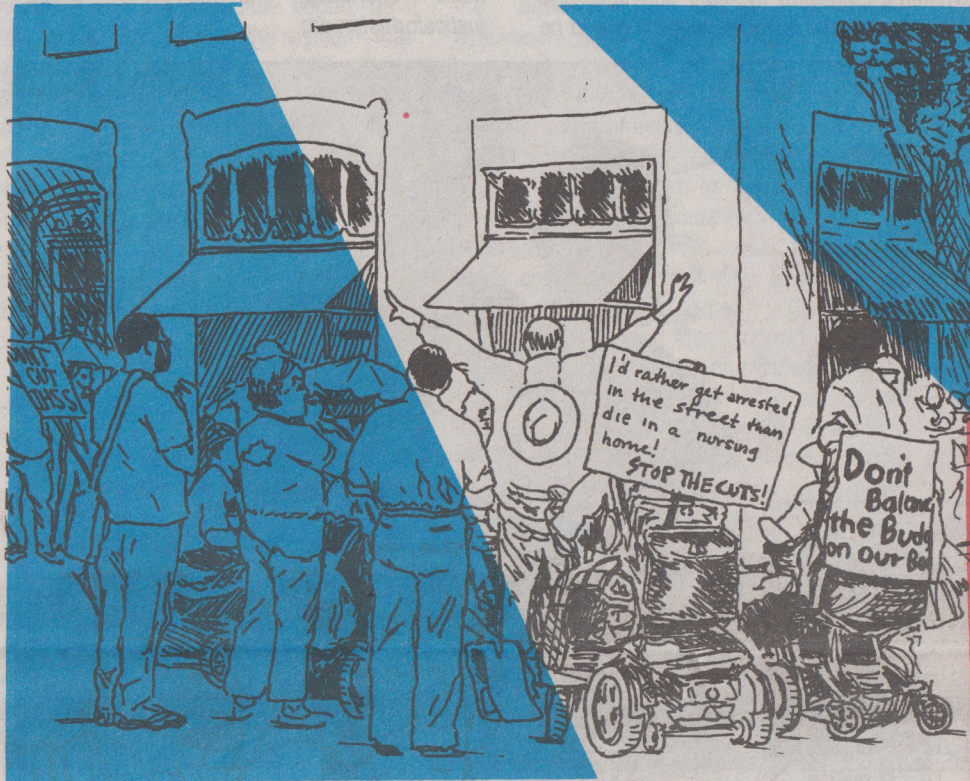
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California's budget deficit has led politicians to cut essential social services yet again, pushing those teetering at the margins of society into grave uncertainty. The latest round of cuts affect the potential independence of 470,000 elderly and disabled Californians who depend on the landmark In-Home Supportive Services (IHSS) to accomplish daily tasks of eating, bathing, cleaning, and going to the bathroom. The program was once a shining example of the transformative power of assisted living in keeping folks out of nursing homes and other live-in medical facilities. Should the cuts go through, more than 308,000 elderly and disabled Californians could lose their health care workers and be sent to nursing homes or county hospitals. Activists in the disabled community contend that this forced institutionalization is illegal

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There is always the option to resist. The people who win aren't the ones who are "realistic" and who look at long odds and conclude, "oh, it isn't worth even trying." Every resistance movement is going to feel lost and hopeless sometimes — its participants too weak and isolated and the opposition too strong. The key is having the courage to

WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW?

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Living in a permanent and pervasive war

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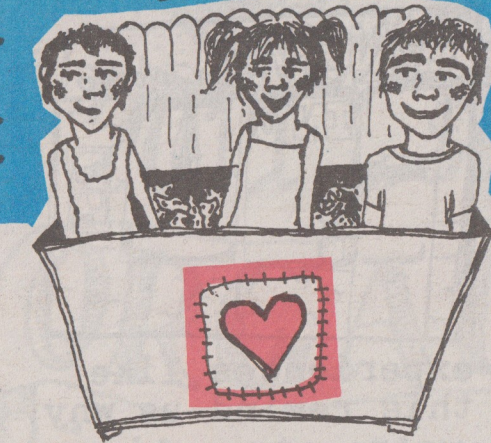
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By Robber Eggplant

The meeting had gone through the standard operating procedure—that is, it started late with only a couple hardcore attendants, it mushroomed in size and had to move just as the other meeting in the back room commenced. The other meeting—Berkeley Liberation Radio—became loud with maniacal laughter as the Bay Area Booking Collective upstairs struggled to write guidelines for shows. One show collective person added to the expanding list, "...a show space alcohol free, or a space where getting drunk is not the emphasis..." This was said just two and half minutes before the crusty old pirate radio people below lit up their weed, no shit. I waited till the butt end of the meeting to initiate my interview—an hour after an exciting show had started down the street, so my time with them was brief.

I asked, "Why combine your energies and



your collective resources for something that is just about expression—for entertainment—when there are so many other hard life necessities not taken care of?" There was the obligatory silence of contemplation then I got my answer: "It's about creating community—a safe space."

A look at the demographics of the group was very, very Bay Area: it was multi-ethnic, all ladies & gender-variant folk, and discernibly under 30 years of age. This is the America that is denied stage time, and these people are beyond complaining about getting equal time but are determined to create it.

The Bay Area has a well-known history of movements creating art and culture outside the industry—be it from LA, NY, or Europe. It doesn't mean that it's easy to create, showcase your work, and gather with like-minded people. The truth is that it takes a lot of mental energy to establish a space and draw a crowd.

The Bay Area Booking Collective formed in January of 2010 and has had regular meetings in both Berkeley and San Francisco twice a month. Ties are being made to the outlands—places like San Jose—so that they can fully represent the "Bay Area" in their name. This writer first got wind of the project in a one-off-zine that had a print run of less than a hundred—but it is small steps like these that allow for new groups to gain ground. While holding meetings, the collective members have also been hard at work setting up shows,

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continue anyway. How can we take this lesson from these wars and apply it to stopping them?

Living in a permanent and pervasive war culture is deeply corrosive on a social and psychological level to everyone in the US and around the world. The war culture empowers greedy and selfish elements of society who dominate others with fear, concentrate power based on violence, and seek to crush local control in favor of massive corporate, military and political hierarchies. Right-leaning military contractors and their politician counterparts are the biggest winners of these wars.

Living with only minimal popular resistance to these wars over these last nine years, has put radicals on the defensive in struggles across the board, even those that are seemingly unrelated to the war. War-think has fed an atmosphere of fear, strengthening hierarchical solutions and weakening community self-determination and cooperation. It is perhaps no accident that the most vigorous "movement" in the US today is the Tea Party, whose approach is based almost entirely on fear of the "other" being channeled

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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

Publishing each issue of Slingshot is like putting a note in a bottle and throwing it into the ocean — hoping that someone will find it and that it will brighten their day. If not, we enjoy the act of hurling the bottle anyway. It keeps us in good practice, just in case.

The shore we stand on is called the counter-culture or the radical community or the anarchist ghetto. The note in the bottle is the story of our lives and our struggles — what we've learned so far and what we still hope to know. It can be a complex, confusing, rambling note — perhaps written in a language the reader will need to get translated. As we throw this bottle, we have the strong sense that our lives are meaningful and worth sharing, though they may be marginalized and far off the beaten track. In our darker moods, we feel like we're wasting our time chasing hopeless causes. There's no TV reality show or video game based on our odd, funky lives. Gardens, long meetings, and crowded communal kitchens are not the most marketable stuff — though that may be the point behind the whole patchwork of do-it-yourself alternatives to the corporate machine that is killing the earth.

The process of editing and selecting articles for the paper is complicated. This issue we spent half of a five-hour meeting discussing just two articles because there were good reasons both for printing them and for deciding not to. We aspire to have real communication as part of our decision making process — that includes moments of friction, delirium, and hysterical laughter. While working as a collective can be hard, we admire each other and our differences and end up growing through the creative process. Sometimes the combination of our perspectives allows us to achieve something none of us could as individuals. Other times we miss the mark. Inevitably most issues have a little of both.

Often when working on *Slingshot*, we find it hard to put down our unfinished work and go to sleep. Over the hours before the sun rises, endless thoughts assault our minds — as if we don't have enough in our world to keep us awake at night: friends getting hurt, police raids on our resistance

Tristan Anderson, Slingshot author and friend and comrade of many activists in the Bay Area and around the world, has returned home to California after being injured during a protest in Palestine. He was struck in the head March 13, 2009 by a high velocity tear gas canister at a protest against the Israeli apartheid wall being built through Palestinian land near Ni'ilin. Tristan sustained a traumatic brain injury and was in critical condition for months enduring operations and infections in an Israeli hospital. After finally becoming conscious and stable he has been doing the hard, slow work of recovery. His girlfriend Gabby and his parents were with him in Israel for over a year through this difficult process. This summer Tristan returned to his parents' house in the Sierra foothills where he continues healing.

Tristan's long-term memory and language abilities are intact. He knows who he is and he

remembers his life, but suffers major cognitive difficulties associated with heavy injury to his right frontal lobe. He is also hemiplegic and can no longer move the left (dominant) side of his body. He has lost sight in his right eye and is in a wheelchair.

Tristan is different now, but he is still with us. He recognizes his friends and has good memory of the past and a strong sense of who he is. But there are many challenges integrating into his old and new life and community. Learning to live with the pain and difficulties caused by his injury has been a hard reminder of the lingering effects of war and violence. Tristan's injury exists in the context of Israel's continuing assault against people in the occupied territories, where people are killed and injured on a daily basis.

Tristan wrote this letter for publication. For more information on Tristan, check justicefortristan.org

Returning Home



letter from Tristan

Hi Slingshot People,

This is Tristan. A year and a half ago I was in Israel/Palestine. One day I was in the Palestinian village of Ni'ilin protesting the Apartheid Wall that takes away much Palestinian land.

We marched to the Wall and the crowd tore part of it down. We marched back to the village and the protest continued for several hours. After the protest was mostly over, the Border Police were still worked up. As my friend Gabby tells me, the Border Police fired a high velocity teargas grenade at the small mellow group of people I was in. It hit me in the forehead. I was knocked unconscious and got some brain damage.

Then I was in the ICU and rehabilitation hospital for 15 months. It was so boring and I wanted to leave but they wouldn't let me. Thank you so much everyone who went to my benefits and protests. Now I am pretty good. I am at my parent's house. The whole experience was intense. I have no memory of the protest. I only remember things some time later in the hospital.

Today I am mostly better but still bored. Feel free to call or visit on weekends. I often still feel sick and my left arm and leg hurt a lot and don't work right. My back hurts and my right eye is in constant pain and wateryness.

Israel is a fucked up racist state. I really appreciate the Israelis who have the guts to stand up against it. I have never been anywhere that people were so racist. It also meant so much to me the whole time to think of my friends and community here in the Bay



our lives are meaningful and worth sharing, though they may be marginalized and far off the beaten track. In our darker moods, we feel like we're wasting our time chasing hopeless causes. There's no TV reality show or video game based on our odd, funky lives. Gardens, long meetings, and crowded communal kitchens are not the most marketable stuff — though that may be the point behind the whole patchwork of do-it-yourself alternatives to the corporate machine that is killing the earth.

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Often when working on *Slingshot*, we find it hard to put down our unfinished work and go to sleep. Over the hours before the sun rises, endless thoughts assault our minds — as if we don't have enough in our world to keep us awake at night: friends getting hurt, police raids on our resistance houses — plus a million assorted hopes and fears. In the end, this issue is the result of multiple sleepless nights, and it is only when we put it to bed that we get to go as well.

When a new issue is published, it smells fresh and the paper feels soft. The words are close to their initial urgent thoughts. But like our bodies, each new issue gets old, becomes brittle, and slowly but surely yellows with age. Occasionally, our ideas seem wiser over time, even as the current events we cover become distant memories. Other times, we look back and see that we were naïve — which is both a good and a bad thing.

It goes without saying that all in this world is rare and wonderful — the people, the troubles, the ephemera. We hope that comes across in this note in a bottle.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send something written, please be open to editing.

Editorial decisions are made by the *Slingshot* Collective but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collectives members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Aaron, Abhay, Arise, Autumn, Brian, Dee, Dominique, Eggplant, Glenn, Jesse/PB, Kathryn, Kermit, Kerry,

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I know that the Israeli government thinks that extreme violence will scare off protesters but we can't let that happen. I hope to be there next time I hope you are there too.

—Love, Tristan

a Bankrupt system

By Jesse D. Palmer (aka PB Floyd)

As *Slingshot* goes to press, we are unsure if we'll ever publish another issue of the paper at this physical location. A few months ago, our landlord declared bankruptcy and the Long Haul building where we have our office might be sold in the next few months to pay off a \$1.1 million bank debt that they ran up against the building.

The idea of losing the Long Haul building is a sad thought — there is a modest beauty to the messy, chaotic hand-built loft the *Slingshot*

how easily ordinary human aspirations and lives can be crushed by the heartless numbers that faceless men make up and write down. Losing the building is outside our control and not our fault — we always paid our rent on time.

I always imagined that we'd close up the Long Haul when it got knocked down by an earthquake — it is a brick building prone to

ownership, not use. Arbitrary experiences like this remind us why we're struggling to change this insane system. People, communities, and ultimately the earth should matter more than land titles and banks.

To repeat, we don't know what might happen as I write this, so I'm intentionally leaving a lot unsaid. I would like to explain the circumstances, the characters, the potential causes — it is clear that particular people made decisions that invited the bankruptcy; it was not an act of nature — but for the moment

LONGHAUL

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Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with Slingshot can come to the new volunteer meeting on Sunday, November 28, 2010 at 4 p.m. at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 105 by January 15, 2011 at 3 p.m.

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The idea of losing the Long Haul building is a sad thought — there is a modest beauty to the messy, chaotic hand-built loft the Slingshot collective has inhabited here for the last 15 years. During the day, it is bathed in sun through leaky skylights, and at night it has an otherworldly quality like a poorly-lit treehouse hideout.

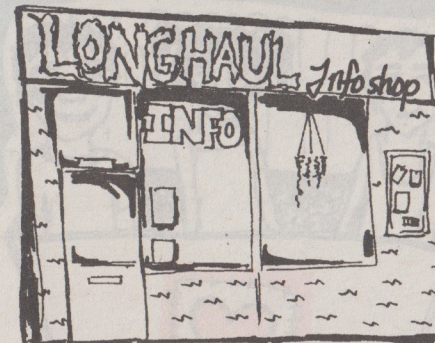
Sharing space with the freaky openness of the Long Haul infoshop with its constant chatter of traveling punks, mumbling homeless people and self-obsessed "regulars" can be distracting and a pain, but mostly it has helped us stay fresh, flexible and able to laugh at ourselves. Long Haul is a thriving community institution despite all of its dysfunction.

It is disorienting not knowing whether we'll get to stay here or not. We're doing the best we can — opening a post office box so people can reach us if we have to move and then . . . just waiting as calmly as possible to learn our fate. Should we fix the leak in the roof before the winter rains come? Nah, I guess that would be pointless if we get kicked out. No point looking for another space or spending too much time agonizing until we really know for sure . . . Time stands strangely still — the future uncertain.

The bankruptcy is one of those typically capitalist events in our lives when we realize

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collapse. That would feel like a good way to close this chapter. But having it sold by a bank and then gutted to make way for yuppies — what a boring shame.

Like so many around us and before us, the fact that we've lived and breathed and loved in this building — that it has become a part of us and that we've become a part of it — is meaningless. What matters to the system is

ownership, not use. Arbitrary experiences like this remind us why we're struggling to change this insane system. People, communities, and ultimately the earth should matter more than land titles and banks.

—Love, Tristan

that extreme violence will scare off protesters but we can't let that happen. I hope to be there next time I hope you are there too.

To repeat, we don't know what might happen as I write this, so I'm intentionally leaving a lot unsaid. I would like to explain the circumstances, the characters, the potential causes — it is clear that particular people made decisions that invited the bankruptcy; it was not an act of nature — but for the moment we have to wait for more information so we don't burn bridges we might need to cross. We know there is a foreclosure and a bankruptcy, but it is too early to ask for help or react until we have a better picture of the implications for our space.

Maybe the bankruptcy court will let the landlord keep the building or maybe whoever buys the building will let us stay in all our funkiness, and with our current cheap lease. Maybe someone sympathetic to us could purchase the building. Maybe we can somehow continue with higher rent. Maybe we'll turn it into a liberated space: a squatted radical center with flags flying from the roof, a last holdout against the gentrification of Berkeley. Another world is possible at any moment — we have this world only because we all consent to its rules and spend our lives working to keep it going.

Depending on what happens, Long Haul may seek community support, so please watch this space for updates. Until we hear some news, please send snail mail to: PO Box 3051, Berkeley, CA 94703. If you want to visit our physical office, call or email first to make sure we're still here.

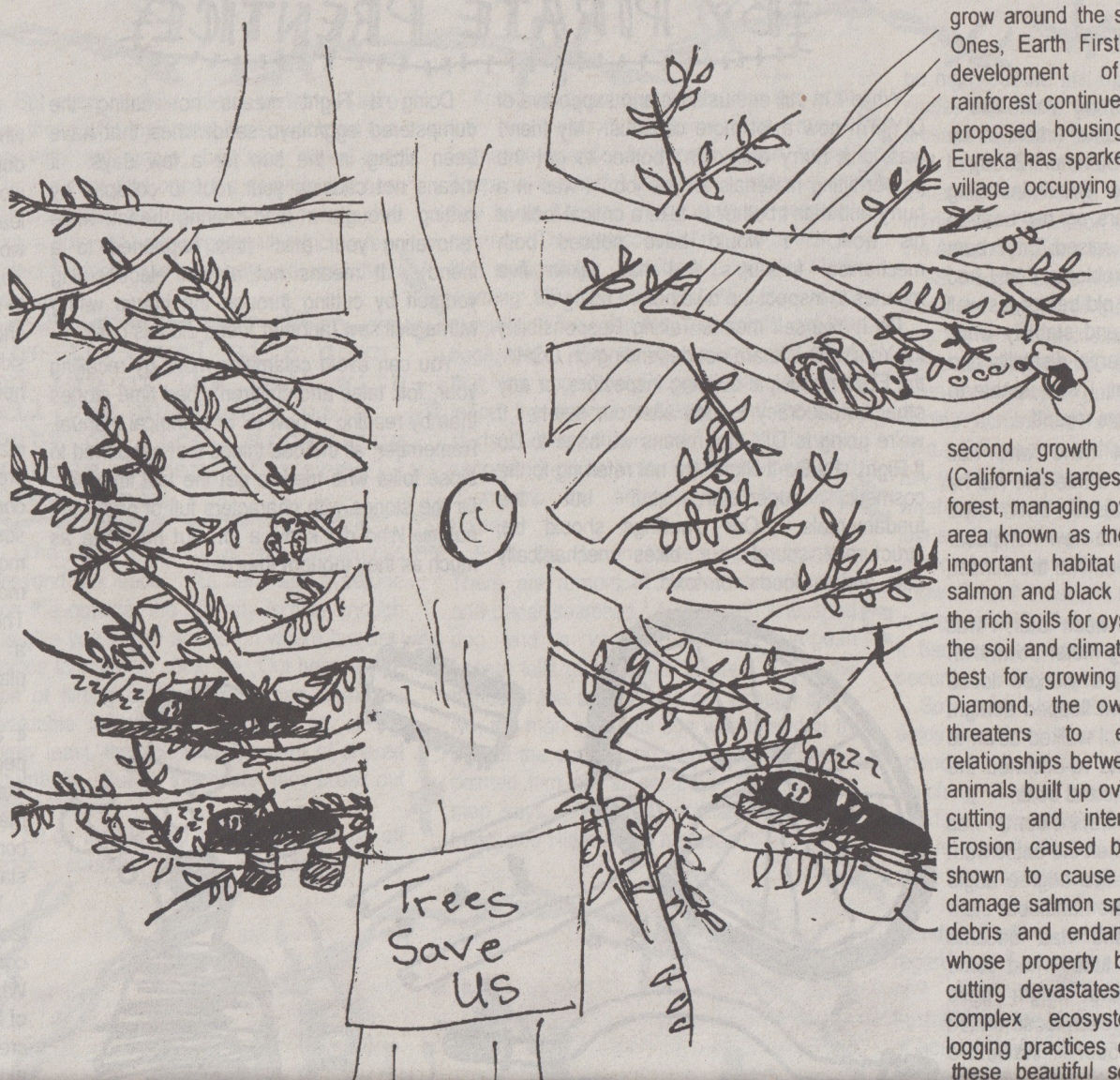
We Love 'Em Vertical!

Eureka Redwood Tree-sit Continues

"Everybody loves redwoods trees. Trouble is half the people love 'em vertical and the other half love 'em horizontal"—Anonymous County Supervisor.

By Dee

The redwood tree is the tallest living organism on the planet. Their massive trunks can grow over 20 feet in diameter, and seemingly individual trees are more like communes, growing in patterns to shield each other from strong winds and interweaving their roots beneath the soil in a network that sucks up water and communicates it to the thirstiest individuals in times of need. This capillary action pushes thousands of gallons of water every day to the topmost needles. As the trees mature and lose their tops, the crowns shoot off new trunks, called reiterations, which accumulate organic material from the canopy that breaks down into soil. Huckleberry bushes, bay laurel trees, tan oaks, sword ferns, lichens, and smaller redwoods have all been reported to grow in the massive branches of old-growth redwood, making a mature tree more like an aerial grove connected to the ground by a main trunk than like an individual organism. Salamanders are born, reproduce and die all in the canopy, without ever touching the ground. The trees' preference for misty, cool climate will likely mean global temperature rise is going to affect them drastically, making them a unique barometer of the effects of climate change. Formal scientific research of the redwoods' canopy system is still in its infancy, knowledge that will be lost forever if the practice of commercial logging extinguishes the remaining stands of old-growth trees.



grow around the stumps of the dead Ancient Ones, Earth First! resistance to commercial development of Humboldt's temperate rainforest continues to pop up with tenacity. A proposed housing development outside of Eureka has sparked the construction of a tree village occupying one of several imperiled

second growth groves. Green Diamond (California's largest single owner of redwood forest, managing over 420,000 acres) owns an area known as the McKay tract which is an important habitat for spotted owls, coho salmon and black bears. Local residents hunt the rich soils for oyster mushrooms. Some say the soil and climate in the area is the worlds best for growing redwood trees. Green Diamond, the owner of the McKay tract, threatens to extinguish the intricate relationships between trees, streams and wild animals built up over the past century by clear cutting and intensive herbicide spraying. Erosion caused by clear cutting has been shown to cause massive mudslides that damage salmon spawning grounds with fallen debris and endanger the homes of those whose property borders the area. Clear cutting devastates the land and wipes out complex ecosystems, whereas selective logging practices could allow human use of these beautiful second-growth forests while

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Before 1850, the coast of Southern Oregon and Northern California was populated with over 2 million acres of redwood forest. Of that original acreage less than three percent remains today. The ancient ones were milled and chipped into high-end lumber, shingles, artwork, and other construction products valued for their beauty and workability. Most of the Bay Area's redwoods were cut to build San Francisco, much of which burned up in the earthquake fires of 1906.

Humboldt County's wild forests have been its main form of economic output for a century. The settlers from California's gold rush were awed by the enormity of the trees and



survive, trees falling on either side of them as professional climbers ascend the tree to hogtie them with ropes.

Tree sitting was first used as a defense tactic in New Zealand but it became popular during the mass movement civil disobedience days of direct action group Earth First! in the early '80s. At first people climbed threatened

Headwaters Forest was and is an 80,000-acre complex that contained 6 groves of old-growth forest equaling roughly 10,000 acres. The campaign to protect some of the largest known stands of old-growth redwood trees in existence mobilized thousands of unlikely participants, from traveling Deadheads, druids, environmental lawyers and local residents to

grow around the stumps of the dead Ancient Ones, Earth First! resistance to commercial development of Humboldt's temperate rainforest continues to pop up with tenacity. A proposed housing development outside of Eureka has sparked the construction of a tree village occupying one of several imperiled

second growth groves. Green Diamond (California's largest single owner of redwood forest, managing over 420,000 acres) owns an area known as the McKay tract which is an important habitat for spotted owls, coho salmon and black bears. Local residents hunt the rich soils for oyster mushrooms. Some say the soil and climate in the area is the worlds best for growing redwood trees. Green Diamond, the owner of the McKay tract, threatens to extinguish the intricate relationships between trees, streams and wild animals built up over the past century by clear cutting and intensive herbicide spraying. Erosion caused by clear cutting has been shown to cause massive mudslides that damage salmon spawning grounds with fallen debris and endanger the homes of those whose property borders the area. Clear cutting devastates the land and wipes out complex ecosystems, whereas selective logging practices could allow human use of these beautiful second-growth forests while preserving the area for future generations.

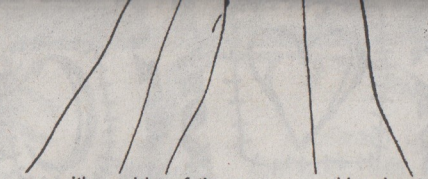
Earth First!ers are organizing in the area to find a balance between human need for land use and protections for the forests and streams that salmon require in order to continue their millennia-old cycles of spawning and rebirth. In times of severe ecological degradation and global climate change, the protestors call on Green Diamond to live up to their "environmentally friendly" image and end the practice of clear cutting.

Twelve years after the timber industry's murder of David 'Gypsy' Chain, killed when a tree was cut so as to fall on him, tree-sitters continue to face violent harassment and

over 2 million acres of redwood forest. Of that original acreage less than three percent remains today. The ancient ones were milled and chipped into high-end lumber, shingles, artwork, and other construction products valued for their beauty and workability. Most of the Bay Area's redwoods were cut to build San Francisco, much of which burned up in the earthquake fires of 1906.

Humboldt County's wild forests have been its main form of economic output for a century. The settlers from California's gold rush were awed by the enormity of the trees and immediately set about building bigger and better saw mills to cut them down to size. The settler's drive to conquer the wilderness was put to the test in Humboldt and Mendocino's seemingly inexhaustible forest. In those times, words like "carrying capacity," and "global climate change" did not factor into their plans for harvesting timber. Photographs show lumberjacks caressing the fallen redwood carcasses with toothy smiles as proud as new fathers.

The faces of Humboldt County's tree sitters are lined with the memories of tree friends gobbled up in the maw of commercialism. Their hands are calloused from hauling fistfuls of rope in the sun and rain. Their steps are careful, calculated with the knowledge that gravity is a force of nature, which must be respected in order to be defied. The soft, shifting mist and ethereal shafts of sunlight piercing the canopy fill the crevices of their souls with deep joy. They have suffered tragedy and triumph, watched their human comrades tortured, arrested and even killed defending the forests they love. At night the trees echo ancient melodies in oceanic dreams, swaying sitters to sleep gently like a mother. Canopy wildlife flits, climbs and crawls, ever vigilant for an unexposed nut to secret away. On good days the tree-people who spend their lives suspended in the canopies of Humboldt's ancient and residual redwoods forests shoot the shit with the timber workers, arguing the tension between the need for local jobs and living ecosystems with good humor. Other days it's a frantic struggle to



survive, trees falling on either side of them as professional climbers ascend the tree to hogtie them with ropes.

Tree sitting was first used as a defense tactic in New Zealand but it became popular during the mass movement civil disobedience days of direct action group Earth First! in the early '90s. At first people climbed threatened trees just as one-off publicity stunts, but eventually they began to construct tree villages and conduct their lives aloft in the canopy with the help of rope, platforms and buckets. The political tactic of blockading began to merge

Headwaters Forest was and is an 80,000-acre complex that contained 6 groves of old-growth forest equaling roughly 10,000 acres. The campaign to protect some of the largest known stands of old-growth redwood trees in existence mobilized thousands of unlikely participants, from traveling Deadheads, druids, environmental lawyers and local residents to journalists, labor organizers and timber employees, over the course of a decade-long struggle. In those years there were always fliers to distribute, midnight supply runs to make, logging trucks to blockade. At times

Many people came into forest defense with the idea that they were going to save the trees, only to later understand that it was the trees who saved them.

with the deep spiritual fulfillment activists found in returning to the wild. Many people came into forest defense with the idea that they were going to save the trees, only to later understand that it was the trees who saved them. Most of the time, a tree-sitter is like a hospice worker caring for a loved one whose prognosis is unhopeful. They form a relationship with trees on the chopping block in order to remember their legacy and help the spirits of the forest transition into the next life with dignity. The love and attention does not always revive, but through the simple act of fighting against what we are told is inevitable, the cycle of hopelessness is broken. In this way, tree-sitters must aim for the best and prepare for the worst—it is the connection to the Earth that creates something alchemical, magical moments and events that have the power to change history.

there was such a flurry of activity that not even the main organizers were aware of all the actions taking place.

Ten years after the call went out to save Headwaters, the federal government paid Pacific Lumber's CEO, Charlie Hurwitz, \$480,000,000 for 7,500 acres, protecting two of the six old-growth groves in question. (A third grove was saved in a later campaign). The Texas-based logging giant had used public sympathy for the forest to increase its profit margin by a factor of ten. While the solution financially rewarded Hurwitz's planet-raping ways, the 7,500 acre parcel six miles south of Eureka, CA stands as a testament to the ability of grassroots activists to galvanize the public locally and nationally in order to protect the majesty of the old growth forest for future generations.

Just like the fairy rings of smaller trees that

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Twelve years after the timber industry's murder of David 'Gypsy' Chain, killed when a tree was cut so as to fall on him, tree-sitters continue to face violent harassment and reckless disregard for safety from timber company workers as well as law enforcement. Green Diamond employees recently severed, and then hastily retied, the support lines of a tree-sitter, allowing their platform to slide over 35 feet down the tree. This hostility towards nonviolent protestors endangers lives unnecessarily and will likely continue until the company changes its policies. Visitors with any level of climbing experience are always needed and welcome. To find updates on the McKay Tract Tree Village and other actions visit www.efhumboldt.org.

Earth First! chapters across the country seek to build a movement of self-motivated love warriors to use nonviolent direct action in defense of free and wild spaces. As the endgame of industrial capitalism accelerates the destruction of the natural world, we too must quicken and intensify our resistance to the incessant conversion of the living into the dead. While the band-aid of frontline opposition is essential to preserving what wild spaces we have left, we must also radically alter our relationship with the planet from a reductionistic, objectifying form to one that recognizes the regenerative powers of the Earth as the highest intelligence. At the best of times, our organizing efforts would protect lands outright, or defeat plans to cut before they make it off the drawing board. When our efforts fall short, the experiences our community shares in the struggle inspire new forms of resistance. If your heart is free, the ground you're standing on is liberated territory—defend it!

DIY-DO IT RIGHT!

BY PIRATE PRENTICE

After reading the "Customize your bike – think outside the same old frame" article in the issue #97 of *Slingshot* (Summer 2008), I became wildly enthusiastic about installing raised 'bmx style' handlebars on my beat-up old mountain bike. Those raised 'bmx' bars should alleviate the back problems that I had been having while riding my old beater, as well as increasing my balance and stability while riding. However, due to a partial disability and a major lack of coordination, I was unable to install those higher handlebars myself.

Fortunately, a friend of mine who had already customized his own frame told me he could install a set of raised 'bmx' style handlebars. He installed the new handlebar set for me and I went riding off into the sunset, happily ever after.

Well not really. About a week later, I was locking my bike to a parking meter downtown when those new handlebars worked loose from the handlebar stem and flopped straight down. Cursing all the while, I walked down to the local hardware store and re-attached the handlebars using the proper-sized bolts.

About one week after the first incident, I was stopped at an intersection when the entire front wheel slipped off to a forty-five degree angle from the rest of the bike. The handlebar stem was slightly too small and had become detached from the steering tube! I had some very scary visions of what might have happened if that stem had broken loose while I was riding in front of a 2,500 lb. inattentive

While I'm still enthusiastic and supportive of DIY, I'm now a lot more cautious. My friend was in a hurry and didn't bother to get the proper-fitting materials for the job. I was in a hurry and didn't bother to take a critical look at his work. I would have noticed both mechanical fuck-up's if I had taken five minutes to inspect the bike before riding off.

Do It Yourself means Taking Responsibility for Yourself. We are not depending on OSHA, the FDA, municipal building inspectors, or any other bureaucracy to look after our safety. If we're going to DIY that means we have to Do It Right. By Do It Right, I'm not referring to the cosmetic, superficial stuff but the fundamentals. Our dwellings should be, structurally sound, our bikes mechanically safe, and our foods non-toxic.

Doing It Right means not eating the dumpstered egg/mayo sandwiches that have been sitting in the sun for a few days. It means not causing your roof to collapse by cutting through a load-bearing beam while renovating your attic (this happened to a friend). It means not almost electrocuting yourself by cutting through the house wiring with a skill saw (another friend did this one).

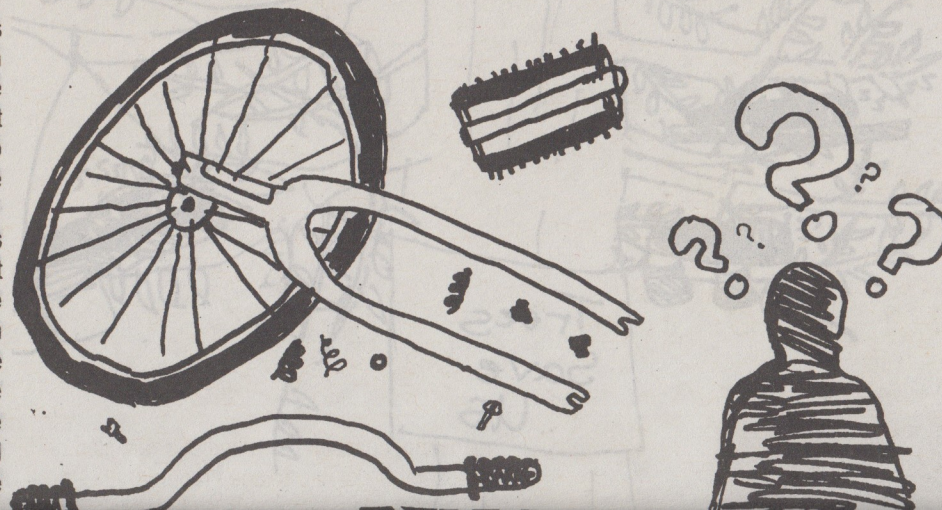
You can avoid calamities more by recalling your folk tales and children's bed time stories than by reading a 'how-to' or technical manual. Remember all the bad things that happened to those folks who tried to get the last little bit... Or the stories with characters full of pride and *hubris*. Who did know a lot, but not quite as much as they thought they did.

I talked with several professional contractors who have over fifty years combined experience doing general maintenance and construction work. They told me that their primary learning experiences were 'hands-on', working with other more experienced people. You do not have to become a union apprentice to learn carpentry or any other trade. But you should be networking with people you meet in skill shares and free skool classes and helping them complete their projects.

Try listing and assembling the tools and materials you'll need before you start a major project. Of course this list will never be complete, because there's always going to be something you didn't expect. However, the more complete your list, the smoother and more enjoyable the experience will be. There's an almost euphoric satisfaction when a project 'flows', and everything falls into place.

When repairing anything mechanical think of it as three dimensional jig-saw puzzle. If people put it together, it can be taken apart, fixed, and reassembled. Consult the manuals, but if things look too puzzling, consult with more experienced friends, before starting to take things apart.

There is an aesthetic quality in DIY that's lacking in the expensive, mass produced consumer crap that permeates today's society. Whether it's a bicycle or a house, every piece of DIY is a direct expression of the person who created it. Be proud of your work. It is an extension of yourself.



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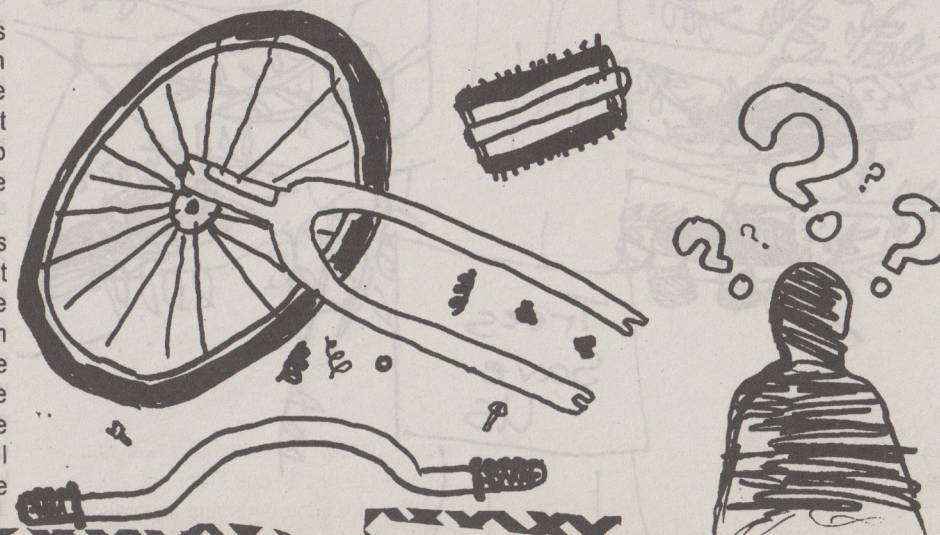
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There is an aesthetic quality in DIY that's lacking in the expensive, mass produced consumer crap that permeates today's society. Whether it's a bicycle or a house, every piece of DIY is a direct expression of the person who created it. Be proud of your work. It is an extension of yourself.

Do It Yourself! Do It Right!



infoshops and Community centers

Every year the *Slingshot* collective spends the month of July trying to update the radical contact list for the next year's Organizer. We call, email and snail mail letters all over. We always seem to get a lot of responses, corrections and additions right after the organizer goes to press in August - so we have to update the Organizer in the newspaper before the Organizer is even back from the printer! This year, we sent snail mail letters to all the contacts in Europe, Latin America and

COMPILED BY JESSE PALMER (aka pb floyd)

Copyleft Infoshop / The Den Collective - St. Louis, MO

They have an infoshop with a zine library, urban farm and show space at a collective house. 3245 Knapp Street St., Louis, MO 63107 tigerose@riseup.net

Bitch Media Community Lending

Revolver Infoshop - Prague, Czech Republic

A new infoshop - uh, does anyone read Czech? Mecnslavova 8, Praha 4 - Nusle. www.infoshop-revolver.cz/, infoshop.revolver@gmail.com

Casa da Lagartixa Preta - Santo

- We forgot to include the phone # and website for C.S.A. La Torre in Rome: 06822869 / www.csalatorre.net. They told us that there is a list of squats in Rome at: www.tmcrow.org/csa/csa.htm
- The FuoriControllo infoshop in Savona, Italy is closing their space. They'll keep doing book distro and other work, just without a space.
- The Krtkova Kolona infoshop in Prague, Czech Republic has closed.
- We tried to send mail to the Zagreb

THRIVING COLORFUL

infoshops and Community centers

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Many of us had the opportunity to travel over the summer and gather new contacts as well as visit existing spaces. It is incredibly inspiring to see so many amazing radical spaces all over – many of them well organized, bright, thriving, colorful and full of creative energy. Thanks to everyone across the world who lends a hand to keep the radical community and its amazing spaces going.

Las Vegas Zine Library - Nevada

A zine library at the Beat Coffeehouse. 520 Fremont Street, Las Vegas, NV 89101. (Mail zine donations to c/o Jeff, PO Box 72071, Las Vegas, NV 89170.) lvzinelibrary.blogspot.com, email-lvzinelibrary@gmx.com

The Burrow – Winona, MN

They have a library, social center, meeting room and kitchen. 713 Washington Street Winona, MN 55987, burrow.booking@gmail.com

Copyleft Infoshop / The Den Collective – St. Louis, MO

They have an infoshop with a zine library, urban farm and show space at a collective house. 3245 Knapp Street St., Louis, MO 63107 tigerose@riseup.net

Bitch Media Community Lending Library – Portland, OR

A lending library at the Bitch magazine headquarters with 1500 books, zines and DVDs on feminism, gender and related topics. Open Tues/Thurs 5-8 and by appointment. 4930 NE 29th Avenue, Portland, OR 97211, 503-282-5699, www.bitchmedia.org/library

Hammer Time! Projects – Ft. Collins, CO

A warehouse with a music venue, meeting space, free store, tool cooperative and infoshop featuring books from the (defunct) 908 infoshop. 1000 E Laurel St. Fort Collins, CO 80524 www.hammertimeprojects.org

Experimental Station – Chicago, IL

A bunch of independent projects on one corner including Blackstone Bicycle works (bike coop), Backstory Café plus community events and projects. 6100 S. Blackstone Ave., Chicago, IL 60637 773-241-6044

Bike Sauce – Toronto, Canada

DIY bike shop that sponsors community rides and events. 717 Queen Street East, Toronto, Canada 647 724 7880, bikesauce.org

Revolver Infoshop – Prague, Czech Republic

A new infoshop – uh, does anyone read Czech? Mecnislavova 8, Praha 4 – Nusle. www.infoshop-revolver.cz/, infoshop.revolver@gmail.com

Casa da Lagartixa Preta – Santo Andre, Brazil

A house run by Anarchist Black Cross with a community library, garden and bike shop that hosts unschooling workshops, discussions and movies. Alcides de Queirós, 161, Santo André / Casa Branca, São Paulo / Brasil, 09015-550 www.ativismoabc.org

Corrections to the 2011 Slingshot Organizer

- The Bloom Collective in Grand Rapids, MI has a new address: c/o Steepletown Neighborhood Services, Rm. 7, 671 Davis Avenue NW, Grand Rapids, MI 49504.
- We got a letter returned from Pitchfork Collective in Denver, Colorado. Please let us know if they have ceased to exist or if they just moved.
- We forgot to include the Empowerment Resource Centre at 636 Queens Avenue, London ON N5W 3H1 519-435-0307. They briefly shut down while we were making the 2011 list and then re-opened with a slightly changed name and focus.

• We forgot to include the phone # and website for C.S.A. La Torre in Rome: 06822869 / www.csalatorre.net. They told us that there is a list of squats in Rome at: www.tmcrow.org/csa/csa.htm

• The FuoriControllo infoshop in Savona, Italy is closing their space. They'll keep doing book distro and other work, just without a space.

• The Krtkova Kolona infoshop in Prague, Czech Republic has closed.

• We tried to send mail to the Zagreb Anarchist Movement in Zagreb, Croatia but it got returned – they may have moved or dissolved. Let us know if you know.

• We tried to send mail to Cafe Victoria in Mexico City but the letter got returned. We don't know whether they just moved or no longer exists. Let us know if you know.

• We got the phone number for Shirouto no Ran (Amateur riot) in Tokyo: 03-3330-2939, trio4.nobody.jp/keita/index_com.html (if you read Japanese).

• The folks at Bar Akane in Tokyo gave us their phone #: 03-5292-1877. They write: "Akane is 12 years old and is one of the oldest alternative spaces in Tokyo. We are here so that people can socialize, organize events, and get together so that people do not feel isolated in this competitive and money-oriented world. Each day of the week a volunteer staffs (for example I staff every Saturday) so each day of the week the atmosphere of the place is very different."

• We didn't list Espace autogéré, rue César-Roux 30, Lausanne, Switzerland, espaceautogere.squat.net/

We're Getting Ready

Remaining Republican National Convention defendants head to trial

By the RNC 8 Defense Committee

Four of a group of eight anarchists who were pre-emptively arrested just prior to the 2008 Republican National Convention in St. Paul, MN — known as the RNC 8 — are set to go on trial October 25, facing two and a half years in prison if convicted. We are asking everyone who is able to come to the Twin Cities to help support Rob Czernik, Garrett Fitzgerald, Nathanael Secor and Max Specktor as they fight back against state repression. Prosecutors dropped all charges against three of the 8 defendants — Monica Bicking, Luce Guillén-Givins, and Eryn Trimmer — on September 16. Erik Oseland took a non-cooperating plea agreement to one count of gross misdemeanor conspiracy to damage property on August 27, severing him from the joint trial.

Targeted for their explicitly anarchist/anti-authoritarian organizing of logistics to support protests against the convention, the RNC 8 were surveilled, harassed and manipulated by infiltrators and informants in the year leading up to the RNC. Then they were arrested and charged with felony "conspiracy to riot in the furtherance of terrorism." Shortly after the convention, they were slapped with yet more felony charges: conspiracy to damage property in the furtherance of terrorism, conspiracy to riot and conspiracy to damage property. But a successful pressure campaign against the head prosecutor's run for governor and widespread public outcry ultimately forced the prosecutor to drop the terrorism enhancement charges in April 2009.

The baseless nature of these charges was seen yet again when the prosecutor entirely dropped the charges against Monica, Luce and Eryn. Of course, dropping charges against

have shown are real threats to the State's efforts to justify their repression and perpetuate the myth that the system provides us with "justice."

The dismissals dramatically changed the defendants' legal situation just a couple weeks after it had changed dramatically with Erik's plea deal. When Erik took the plea, he was made to acknowledge in open court that future rulings in the joint RNC 8 case would not apply to him. One of these rulings was about the

The defendants said that they would prove in these hearings that despite tens of thousands of pages of documents, hundreds of hours of audio and video recordings, and four infiltrators, the government has no proof of guilt in this case. The actions and activities advocated by the RNC Welcoming Committee were acts of civil disobedience such as blocking traffic, and the actions actually taken were legal, logistical activities such as feeding and housing demonstrators. The government's main case rests on the satirical "We're Getting Ready" video, guilt by association, statements and actions of people who are not the defendants, and discussions by the defendants

directly questioned about what RNC 8 members actually did, they came up with things such as possessing knives in their kitchens and debating the merit of property damage as a tactic. When asked about illegal activity that the Welcoming Committee participated in, all that one informant could come up with was a banner drop in which no one but informants were involved.

In their efforts to counter the defense's assertions, the prosecutors brought up the fact that the Welcoming Committee endorsed a diversity of tactics and refused to condemn or denounce illegal tactics. They also attempted to draw connections between the defendants and other people who were convicted of crimes during the convention. Further, they argued that there's no direct evidence of conspiracy in this case because the defendants practiced security culture. But, they argued, that doesn't matter because it was a conspiracy and therefore the defendants were all responsible for everything that occurred with or without them.

The judge issued her ruling on the probable cause hearing on September 21, the day before the final pre-trial hearing. She ruled in favor of the prosecution, stating that the defense had failed to provide exonerating evidence for the four remaining defendants.

Thus, the joint trial for the remaining defendants is still scheduled to begin on October 25 and could last a month or more. During the trial, we'll be packing the courtroom every day, serving a few free meals each week, working with other groups to put on fun events every Friday night, sending out announcements to the movement, doing media work, fundraising, and a whole bunch of other things.



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The baseless nature of these charges was seen yet again when the prosecutor entirely dropped the charges against Monica, Luce and Eryn. Of course, dropping charges against some of the co-defendants is also a divide-and-conquer move on the part of the State, an effort to weaken the solidarity that has forced the State's hand on the terrorism charges and sustained the defendants through two years of pre-trial preparations. The strength and resolve the defendants and our movement as a whole

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probable cause hearings held in May and June of this year.

In these hearings, the defense argued that the government had not shown any specific evidence to establish probable cause for the charges and that the charges violated constitutionally protected free speech rights.

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Two of the four informants and several other cops testified on the stand during the hearings. Although they admitted to having little evidence of the defendants possessing dangerous weapons or making agreements to damage property or injure people, they wanted to paint a bigger picture of conspiracy, continually referring to "gut feelings." When

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Your help is needed now more than ever. To figure out how you can get involved, email us at info@mc8.org. To learn more about trial logistics (including housing), to download support materials to distribute in your community, and to donate to the legal defense fund, check out mc8.org.

Tuli Kupferberg

1923 - 2010



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In these hearings, the defense argued that the government had not shown any specific evidence to establish probable cause for the charges and that the charges violated constitutionally protected free speech rights.

Although they admitted to having "evidence" of the defendants possessing dangerous weapons or making agreements to damage property or injure people, they wanted to paint a bigger picture of conspiracy, continually referring to "gut feelings." When

figure out how you can get involved, email at info@mc8.org. To learn more about trial logistics (including housing), to download support materials to distribute in your community, and to donate to the legal defense fund, check out mc8.org.

Tuli Kupferberg

1923 - 2010

By Aaron Cometbus

Tuli Kupferberg died on July 12, 2010. Unlike many of our countercultural heroes, his death did not come at the hands of security forces, nor was it the result of a long history of substance abuse. Tuli lived to the ripe age of 86. His passing, while sad, was not unexpected.

Tuli had always been an elder in the scenes he was a part of. Ed Sanders was only 25 when he opened the Peace Eye bookstore in New York's Lower East Side in 1964; Tuli, the bookstore's weird upstairs neighbor, was 42. Together, Ed and Tuli formed the Fugs, one of the most outrageous and groundbreaking bands in history, whose music still has the power to shock and please after nearly half a century. They became lifelong collaborators and friends.

Tuli was legendary for his songs and poetry, but also for his irreverence. His disregard for sacred cows and social niceties landed him many admirers but also alienated many potential allies. "Goodbye to Tuli and the Fugs and all the boys in the front room," wrote Robin Morgan in her breathtaking Feminist break-up

note to the New Left, *Goodbye to All That*. To Morgan, Tuli was just another guy who hated the women he loved.

But what exactly had he done to piss her off? I rode down Robin's street tonight to ask for details, but she was not out. Rent-stabilized apartments had kept her and Tuli a stone's throw away from each other for forty long years after she'd trashed him in her essay. I wondered: was it awkward when they ran into each other at the laundromat or the Chinese restaurant — or did close proximity provide chances for reconciliation?

That and many other questions would now remain a mystery. Tuli's meal of choice before facing a firing squad? His planned escape route in a disaster, or if implicated in a crime? Had anyone ever used him as a doppelganger — or as an alibi? I'd attempted to interview him several times, but always without success.

However, Tuli did come by my sidewalk book stall once, and stopped to chat. His long illness had already begun but not yet advanced. With his layers of dirty, multi-colored clothing hanging down in strips, he looked like a cross between a biblical prophet, a bag lady, and a clown. Imagine the town crier moonlighting as the village idiot. The wild gleam in his eyes burned like hot coals, though he was already well into his 80s. His playful, prankster nature was clearly in evidence, as well as his pride at being a lifelong rascal and full-on freak. When the M21 bus rolled up, he shuffled off to catch it with surprising speed.

Tuli will be missed. Now we the living must step up to fill his shoes, at least the parts that fit. His late start should be an inspiration for those still waiting to take a chance or to form a band.



ONWARD EARTHLINGS

We wax weary of the tadpole smegma served to us as the primal data of the nations on Earth. In the face of a world led by a command generation of savage Honko-Cossack marauder pirates poisoning our air, murdering our youth and defiling our ethics, we declare our continuing commitment to the possibility of a benign civilization and the absolute right of each man on earth to 1) a guaranteed grope, 2) land and money, 3) longevity, 4) happiness, 5) freedom, 6) supplies for his art, 7) sheep. We wave the banners of these god-lit principles even now while Dom Dom Doom marches in waving a carrot and in the dreams of war lords mutant fruit flies devour syrup-coated telephone poles. Somehow great slurgul-slurguls of glee, humor, horniness and peacecraft can still escape our lips, for you, for us, for the love that can spurt and flow from the surfaces of song and poetry. The benevolent city of Ivory-colored grope spires is our vision. And all of us, all lovers and drooling minstrels aboard the Charlots of the Abyss, bend back into the terror, take knowledge of the City of Love we wish to create, flash it the fig list, and spew onward, attempting radiance, into the skush. Onward! Grope for peace. Love the Earth. We have escaped the crone drivell. Up against the wall.

あふあふあふ!

"Goodbye to Tuli and the Fugs and all the boys in the front room"

— Robin Morgan

FUGS

community skillsharings

a look at free

By abaker

Everyone's knowledge is valuable. That is the main precept of skillshare-based education. I have been participating in Free Skools for a couple of years now starting with the Denver Free Skool, where I was worried whether I would be allowed to volunteer. Now I am involved with the East Bay Free Skool where I saw the project reborn with Enola D's initiative. There are Free Skools that don't even advertise—they exist by word of mouth. I like to call them Underground Free Skools (UFS), and they have been the most invigorating classes that I have ever attended. If you don't think there is a Free Skool in your area there might be one operating underground wherever skills are shared with respect and without coercion. I think there is a very large movement of free education and it is the goal of Free Skool to remind everyone what is possible, and not to glorify in our own abilities or knowledge.

I have gathered together for you a small representation of this larger movement showing how they operate and giving you some insights from Free Skools in Baltimore MD, the East Bay CA, Santa Cruz CA, and St. Paul/Minneapolis MN.

East Bay, CA

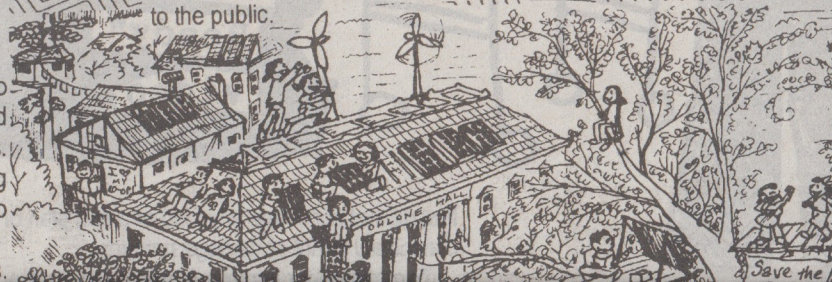
The East Bay Free Skool (EBFS) exists to empower individuals to share their skills and knowledge by providing resources to teachers. This includes finding class sites, reimbursing copy fees, and publishing classes in a two month calendar of events.

The collective reviews all proposed classes.

teacher form and drop it off at the Long Haul Info Shop located at 3124 Shattuck Ave in Berkeley, open 6-9pm Monday through Thursday and 3-9pm Saturday and Sunday or send an email with the class name, description, location, date, time and any contact info you want published to eastbayfs@gmail.com.

Usually the benefit shows occur every other month to coincide with the deadline to submit a teacher form for the next paper calendar. On Saturday, October 16th EBFS is hosting a show at the Actual Café (6334 San Pablo, Oakland) with Androgynous Elk, Annah Anti-Palindrome, Beltaine's Fire, and the Detach Dolls. On Wednesday, December 15th East Bay Food Not Bombs, EBFS, and Ashkenaz Music and Dance Community (1317 San Pablo, Berkeley, CA) are working together to put on a dance party. Please contact EBFS if your band or venue would like to participate in the future.

Donations of art supplies and classroom materials for the East Bay Free Skool can be dropped off at the Long Haul Info Shop on Mondays during the weekly Free Skool meeting 7:30-8:30pm, which are always open to the public.



Ecovillage.. They host mostly free or donation based events and have a website at www.ecovillage510.org. There are many ways to inspire free education and a Free Skool is not necessary to promote that function. We were discussing at one of our earlier meetings what we would do if there was another Free Skool in the East Bay. Would there be a split of energy? Would we be able to cooperate? So far we have found that doing nothing but encouraging each other works quite well.

Experimental College of the Twin Cities

In "Toward a University of the Common: The Experimental College of the Twin Cities" David Boehnke and Eli Meyerhoff describe the goals and vision of the Experimental College of the Twin Cities (EXCO).

"EXCO is a free school dedicated to transforming education on the principle that everyone can teach or take classes and all classes are free. Emerging from struggles within universities for equal access, workers' rights, and democratic governance, EXCO creates an alternative institution, a microcosm of the university we desire, and that also serves as a means to transform current institutions. EXCO seeks to change the relations between life, work, and learning such that we can change the terrain of struggles altogether. In opposition to universities' governance structures that discipline, neutralize, and frustrate collective learning, EXCO...

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The East Bay Free Skool (EBFS) exists to empower individuals to share their skills and knowledge by providing resources to teachers. This includes finding class sites, reimbursing copy fees, and publishing classes in a two month calendar of events.

The collective reviews all proposed classes. If the class occurs in the East Bay (from Richmond, CA to East Oakland, CA), is non-discriminatory in nature, attempts to create a safer space, and is free or donation based with no one turned away for lack of funds, the class is accepted to go onto our website and printed in a calendar of events.

The "non-discriminatory in nature" agreement in our class requirements has been a topic of much thought and discussion. It refers to the subject matter of the class. EBFS does not publish classes that teach discrimination.

Classes that have requirements of the students are allowed if it is necessary for the discussion to occur or creates a safer space. For instance, a class that is only for female-identified persons is not deemed discriminatory in nature if it is necessary to facilitate an open

discussion. A class might require attendees to be over 18 in order to create a safer space. These guidelines have changed over the year and a half that the current East Bay Free Skool has been active. The Free Skool movement is autonomously organized and other Skools have different requirements.

In several ways EBFS interacts with the capitalist structure to be inclusive and to empower teachers. EBFS funds itself through benefit shows at local venues that include skill shares, music, and food. We ask for a donation at the door with no one turned away for lack of funds. EBFS is working to save money in order to reimburse teachers for their

put on a dance party. Please contact EBFS if your band or venue would like to participate in the future.

Donations of art supplies and classroom materials for the East Bay Free Skool can be dropped off at the Long Haul Info Shop on Mondays during the weekly Free Skool meeting 7:30-8:30pm, which are always open to the public.

EBFS hosts a wikia web page (www.eastbayfreeskool.wikia.com). There has been considerable criticism of the appearance and accessibility of the website, all of which is valid, but there is currently no techy inter-web person volunteering for EBFS. The fact that the Free Skool is a personal investment of time, patience, and skills and is limited to the abilities of those involved is one of the most rewarding aspects of the project. We have learned how to use our energies in a way that continues the spirit and function of Free Skool without coercion. If there is no web master the web page will suffer, but we will not.

We sometimes take a month off to recuperate our energy. Last August we were planning to do just that when Autumn, a Free Skool organizer, announced she would be out of town during the crucial design, printing, and distribution time. Getting everything done without Autumn seemed like too much. So we



Twin Cities (EXCO).

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In St. Paul, Minnesota in the fall of 2006 students fought against classist admissions policies at Macalaster College. Macalaster announced in 2005 that it would change its admission policy from "need blind" to "need aware". In researching ways to combat the administration, student activists looked towards the Experimental College model at Oberlin College in Ohio as an example of resistance and empowerment in a form that was desirable to create.

Around the same time at the University of Minnesota (U of M), graduate students were organizing a union drive. During the unionization attempt, a key slogan was "grad students are workers." Redefining graduate students as workers clarifies the ways in which graduate education is a profit-making affair, shaped to cut labor and maximize profits from undergraduate tuition.

"In Fall 2007, the clerical, technical, and health care workers represented by the union of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) at the U of M went on strike when they saw the funds for their cost of living raises redirected toward the administration and faculty. During the actions in support of the AFSCME strike (students) helped organize a sit-in that shut down a Board of Regents meeting, a four-day hunger strike, holding classes off-campus, and solidarity pickets at campus loading docks. Questions were raised about what it would

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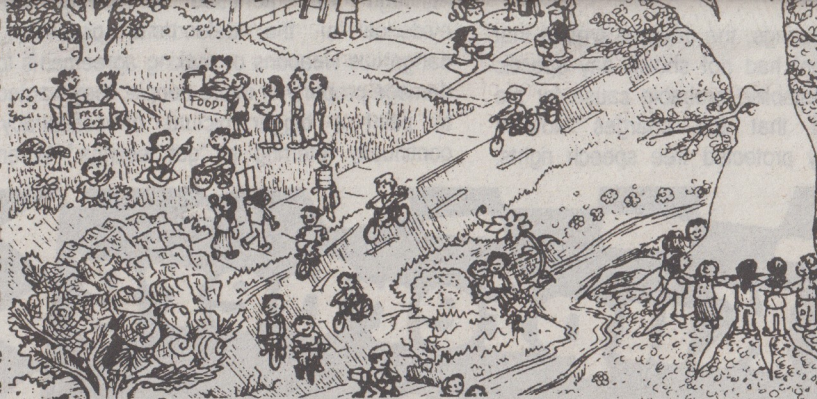
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In several ways EBFS interacts with the capitalist structure to be inclusive and to empower teachers. EBFS funds itself through benefit shows at local venues that include skill shares, music, and food. We ask for a donation at the door with no one turned away for lack of funds. EBFS is working to save money in order to reimburse teachers for their class materials. We choose to use commercial spaces as classrooms. In this way EBFS interacts with capitalistic ventures in a non-capitalistic fashion, attempting to inspire and empower others to live with less capitalism in their lives. Some of our classes ask for a donation from the students. We feel that this empowers the teachers, keeps things sustainable, and encourages more teachers to participate.

As an insert to the paper calendar, we print a teacher form. To propose a class, fill out a



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Other Free Skools operate in different fashions. There is another Free Skool in the Lake Merritt area of Oakland called the

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breaks from the bubble

Free Skool networking

Members of these struggles started a chapter of EXCO at the U of M as a way to continue resistance and to create a microcosm of the kind of university they desire.

"How we view education is much in need of a shake up. While education in the U.S. is still spoken about as a path for everyone to better jobs and a better life, this is no longer true and was possibly never true for many segments of the population." (Boehnke and Meyerehoff, 2010)

"What is needed is not a vision of education capable of saving the existing economy, but one capable of creating a different type of world altogether. Not a corporate university or even a public university, but a university of the common - a university that is constituted by the participation of the people and truly democratically governed, self-organized, and self-valorized to meet their desires for self-education, to build upon their communities' and movements' power and knowledge, and to destroy the relations of oppression between them. Articulating such a vision is imperative in our existing situation, because the status quo cannot be defended when the status quo is crisis, with impacts intensifying everyday. Motivated by our experiences and observations of increasingly precarious conditions, we see the double, global crisis of the capitalist economy and the University as an opportunity for redefining the relations between learning, work, and life." (Boehnke and Meyerehoff, 2010)

"The ongoing challenge for EXCO's

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learning, Free Skool is a grassroots educational project beyond institutional control. It is an opportunity to learn from each other and share what we know, to foster networks through autonomy and mutual support. We see Free Skool as a direct challenge to dominant institutions and hierarchical relationships. The project strives to blur the lines between teacher, learner, and organizer. Free Skool is decentralized, with classes held in homes, social spaces and parks. Part of creating a new world is resistance to the old one. Through this project we want to change the ways we learn and the ways we relate to each other."

Yes, our mission statement changes over time. We try to re read and revise it each term, as a way to reassess our own visions and goals for the project.

SFS: The Seattle Free School is for the community by the community. All are welcome. No money ever exchanges hands. All we exchange are skills, knowledge and experiences.

Slingshot: How do you advertise for your classes and events?

BFS: We list them on our online calendar/website (freeschool.redemmas.org), we promote with a published, paper, monthly calendar with short course descriptions, and we tell instructors to promote the heck out of their own courses with fliers, online listings, emails, facebook pages, anything and everything.

FSSC: Free Skool Santa Cruz distributes calendars around town throughout our three-

print shop. We accept donations online and in person.

SFS: We don't deal with money...at all. We decided from the beginning that we weren't interested in getting all tied up in the non-profit industrial complex. Our website is hosted through a supporter of the Free School for free, and the website itself was designed by students in a computer class at a local community college. We host all of our classes at free, open-to-the-public locations like libraries, community centers, and certain restaurants, bookshops, and coffee shops that graciously host us. All facilitators volunteer their time and if supplies are needed, we find a way to get them donated. We've never needed money to operate, and we simply refuse donations.

Slingshot: How do you connect with teachers?

BFS: We get all course proposals through our online form on our website. We then follow up through email, phone calls, and in-person meetings if needed. We talk about the project to anyone we come across. Sometimes we bully, er, persuade, our friends who are really knowledgeable and excited about certain topics/skills to offer a course. We need to have some sort of fun gathering to get all the instructors together, a potluck for example.

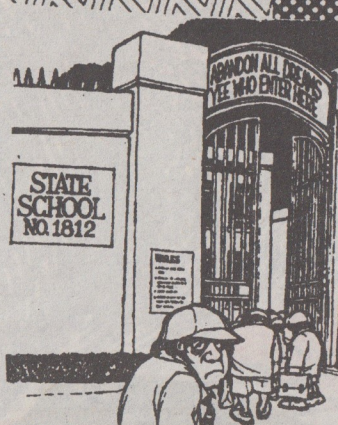
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"The ongoing challenge for EXCO's organizers has been to transform EXCO into a community-led form. EXCO's organizers see diversifying EXCO's demographics as part of their larger project of overcoming educational segregations and inequalities. Their main strategy toward this goal has been the development of community-led chapters, beginning with the Academia Comunitaria, an EXCO chapter of primarily Latin@ people who organize classes in Spanish. Rather than maintaining a hierarchical division between university-based and community-based chapters, we suggest reframing all of EXCO's chapters as, "community-led," seeing universities simply as parts of the wider metropolitan terrain, composed of overlapping communities and having no special claims to expertise." (Boehnke and Meyerehoff, 2010)

EXCO does fundraising through grants, donations, and events. They pay for some class supplies and honorariums to facilitators who couldn't teach otherwise. To find out more visit www.excotc.org

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A conversation between Slingshot, Baltimore Free School (BFS), Free Skool Santa Cruz (FSSC) and Seattle Free School (SFS)

Slingshot: Do you have a mission statement and if so what is it and does it change with time?

BFS: The Baltimore Free School is a grassroots, volunteer-run and community-funded project. Building upon a long tradition

as a way to reassess our own visions and goals for the project.

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FSSC: Free Skool Santa Cruz distributes calendars around town throughout our three-month quarters. We put them at cafes, natural food stores, community centers, laundromats, libraries and bulletin boards. We also do distro days at the downtown farmer's market near the start of each quarter. We have an email list for teachers and students where folks can make class announcements that reach a large number of people, and we encourage teachers to get the word out about their classes. They distribute calendars on their own, and create fliers for their classes to post around town, which we will also help distribute. We talk to each other, and check in with teachers in person as well.

SFS: We have a website (www.seattlefreeschool.org) where we list all of our upcoming classes. We also occasionally post things on teachstreet.com.

Slingshot: How do you deal with money or not deal with money?

BFS: We have kept afloat for just over a year, but are always precariously perched on the brink of being absolutely broke. We solicit donations to keep our space open and the lights on. We host a monthly trivia night pub quiz. Our second Free School Dance benefit is on Saturday, November 20th featuring The Belvederes and DJ Jason Willett at the Whole Gallery in the H&H building, 405 W. Franklin St. Baltimore, MD.

We're happy to get money from grant making institutions that are aligned with our overall mission of community building. We have received a small grant from a local organization and are pursuing others as we

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FSSC: We do outreach to find teachers by distributing calendars and fliers, but in large part students become inspired to be teachers by attending classes. That is part of the beauty of Free Skool! We maintain a teacher email list for announcements, reminders, deadlines and general communication. We have a quarterly Free Skool picnic at the end of each quarter, and a How To Run a Free Skool workshop as well. We maintain a website, do distro days at the Farmer's Market, and rely on word of mouth. Class submissions can be done electronically through our website or by paper.

SFS: Word of mouth, teachers are often former students. Sometimes we contact people directly if we are looking for a facilitator for a very specific class that people have requested we organize.

Slingshot: Where are classes held?

BFS: In our "campus," which consists of 2 classrooms in a rented former retail space and has a capacity of maybe 60-75 people total. It's at a nice little intersection in a pretty accessible mid-town neighborhood, located at 1323 N. Calvert St. Baltimore, MD 21202. We've partnered with the collectively-owned Baltimore Bicycle Works shop for bike maintenance classes, the Baltimore Development Cooperative for gardening workshops at their Participation Park, and the Maryland Institute College of Art for electronic music composition classes.

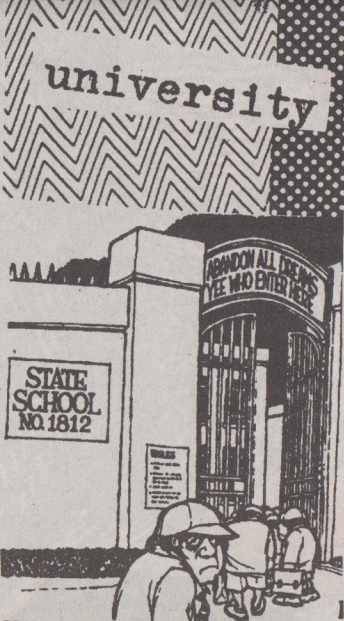
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<http://freeschool.redemmas.org/>
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but a
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Slingshot: Do you have a mission statement and if so what is it and does it change with time?

BFS: The Baltimore Free School is a grassroots, volunteer-run and community-funded project. Building upon a long tradition of horizontal organizing, collaborative learning and participatory education, we believe that the empowerment of people of all ages and backgrounds to share and learn is vital to the health of any community. To that end, we work toward creating a space where the exchange of ideas can occur without the exchange of money; a space where we can learn to relate to each other in new and meaningful ways. By building this infrastructure, we hope to form a microcosm of the world in which we want to live.

FSSC: Free Skool Santa Cruz does have a mission statement: we call it page two of the calendar:

"A radically different approach to living and

learning... libraries and bulletin boards. We also do distro days at the downtown farmer's market near the start of each quarter. We have an email list for teachers and students where folks can make class announcements that reach a large number of people, and we encourage teachers to get the word out about their classes. They distribute calendars on their own, and create fliers for their classes to post around town, which we will also help distribute. We talk to each other, and check in with teachers in person as well.

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We're happy to get money from grant making institutions that are aligned with our overall mission of community building. We have received a small grant from a local organization and are pursuing others as we come across them. We think it is necessary to have a stable and centralized physical location for the BFS. Therefore we hustle as much as we need to in order to keep the doors open.

FSSC: All classes that are listed on the Free Skool calendar are free. Teachers can ask for small donations that cover materials or space rentals, but no one is turned away for lack of funds. We are explicitly anti-capitalist and as such don't list classes that are connected to commercial businesses or public or state institutions. No one who participates in the project, as teacher, organizer or student, makes any money at it. We do occasionally raise funds for printing costs, which are low because we print through a local anarchist

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SFS: Word of mouth, teachers are often former students. Sometimes we contact people directly if we are looking for a facilitator for a very specific class that people have requested we organize.

Slingshot: Where are classes held?

BFS: In our "campus," which consists of 2 classrooms in a rented former retail space and has a capacity of maybe 60-75 people total. It's at a nice little intersection in a pretty accessible mid-town neighborhood, located at 1323 N. Calvert St. Baltimore, MD 21202. We've partnered with the collectively-owned Baltimore Bicycle Works shop for bike maintenance classes, the Baltimore Development Cooperative for gardening workshops at their Participation Park, and the Maryland Institute College of Art for electronic music composition classes.

The Baltimore Free School
1323 N. Calvert St
Baltimore, MD 21202

<http://freeschool.redemmas.org/>
freeschool@redemmas.org

FSSC: Classes are held in social spaces, homes, parks, community centers and cafes. Anywhere a teacher can coordinate. More and more are happening at SubRosa Infoshop nowadays. It's important to us that Free Skool is decentralized, and that it happens in different environments.

If you are in search of more information, you can check out our website, which is full of fliers, archived calendars, and other information: <http://santacruz.FreeSkool.org>

SFS: Free places! Such as libraries, public beaches, coffee shops, bookstores and community centers. Our automobile maintenance classes are held in parking lots. Seriously!

If you would like your Free Skool listed in the Slingshot, please submit your information to slingshot@tao.ca

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***Don't beg
for the right
to live —
take it***



to live —

take it





ABORTION

BY LA VASCULA

The following article is a personal account of pregnancy and abortion. Though the contents herein may lean toward particular experiences and opinions, I would like to acknowledge that everyone's experience of pregnancy and abortion is unique in its own right. Furthermore I would like to add that I am an advocate of choice and freedom, and thus this article should not serve as a means to dissuade women from getting an abortion. Rather, my intentions are to educate women and men about the potential physical and emotional side-effects of pregnancy and the abortion procedure, so as to encourage people to take safe sex into their own hands.

Unless you have known a woman who has had an abortion, or have undergone one yourself, the chances are you know very little about it. This is an alarming fact considering that by the age of 41, forty percent of woman will have gotten an abortion. Through becoming pregnant and getting an abortion, I have undergone a complete metamorphoses in my knowledge and perspective on abortion. Had I been educated about the vast physical, emotional and psychological intricacies, I would have taken practicing safe sex more seriously. Thankfully, I am now able to share something that I feel is crucial for both women and men to be aware of.

My attitude toward protected sex had always been firstly motivated by a fear of STDs, and secondarily, by pregnancy. Having received insufficient Sexual Education in high school, and not having been raised under any religious paradigm, the concept of abortion was always one which held little significance to me. It was a simple procedure which, if per chance I were to get pregnant, could be easily performed. For a few years my fear of STDs kept me sufficiently protected, though mainly because my love life consisted of one-night encounters and temporal dating endeavors.

Eventually love found its way into my life, completely catalyzing my views on sex. Once a simple game of enjoyment, sex became a sacred dance of art, connection, receptivity and love. It took on the form of meditation, a flight of transcendence and release. It became a means of engaging in raw, instinctual, communication. An intertwining of two forms of life,

formerly established that we were anti-breeding in this day and age? The world was over-populated, we had agreed, and there were other ways to foster life than giving birth to a child of our own. Yet suddenly I was flirting with the idea of raising a child. My partner and I were deeply in love, and together we had created a form of magic between us; an unborn creature that could potentially go on to become a beautiful, beneficial person to this world.

Though everyone around me was surprisingly supportive of whatever decision I decided to make—save my catholic boss, who attempted to persuade me otherwise—rationality eventually took its reigns on me and I decided not to go through with the pregnancy. I was too young, still unsure of my own place in this world. I knew it wouldn't be my truth to give birth to a new life before I could birth my own.

When the romanticism of it slowly wore off, one nightmare after another approached. First, to my

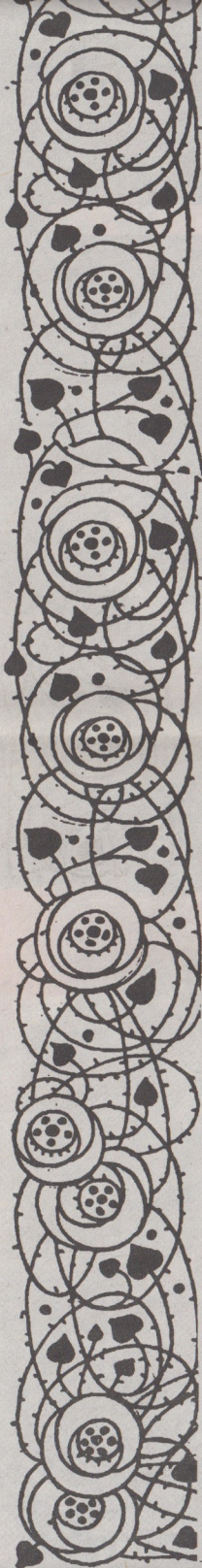
same symptoms, save for the fact that they can be tenfold in their effect, and don't cease until the baby is either born, miscarried or aborted.

Suddenly I found myself blanketed by an unquenchable sleepiness, my brain felt covered by a fog of confusion, my moods were unpredictable and predominantly leaning toward the unpleasant. Bloating, I felt the sensation of being pregnant long before the fetus developed. A simple walk or bike ride, my favorite means of transportation, became arduous tasks that catapulted me into day-time naps. Though always an insomniac, sleeping became an easy undertaking, and I experienced deep sleep for the first time in as long as I could remember.

A male housemate of mine made an ignorant comment at the time stating that he wished he were pregnant, so as to prove to women that it's not a big deal. I felt alone in my struggles, a woman in a man's world, where no amount of verbal explanation could illustrate the burdens and responsibilities a woman inherently has to deal with throughout her life. Having to explain to my boss that I needed to take off of work to attend my ultrasound or abortion counseling appointments, and thereafter take work off for a few days for the abortion and recovery, became simple acts that would prove difficult to make a reality.

Everything is a learning curve,

and I now know to treat birth control



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The undeniable connection my partner and I felt sexually and emotionally made it increasingly unbearable to wear condoms. How could we fully connect, breaking all barriers, if guarded by a synthetic layer of latex? The thought grew increasingly undesirable, and I ached to experience my partner through our rawest means. The closer we got and the more intimately we began to know one another, the less careful we became, until finally we could no longer use a condom. Because I am against taking birth control pills, they were not an option.

One summer month, when desire and love got the best of us, my partner and I began having sex more frequently, particularly around the estimated time of my ovulation. I distinctly remember receiving intuitive messages of fear for pregnancy, for the first time in my life. Not too much to worry about though, worst comes to worst, I could always get an abortion. When the dates of my expected menstruation crept up and quickly passed by, even forgoing the eve of the full moon, I knew it was time to take a pregnancy test. Two tests later and the verdict was in; at 20 years young I was officially pregnant.

My surprise multiplied when I told my partner the news and received his reaction. Much to my surprise, he was ecstatic, professing that it would be a gift to raise a child with me. I was dumbfounded, everything suddenly becoming more complicated. Hadn't he and I

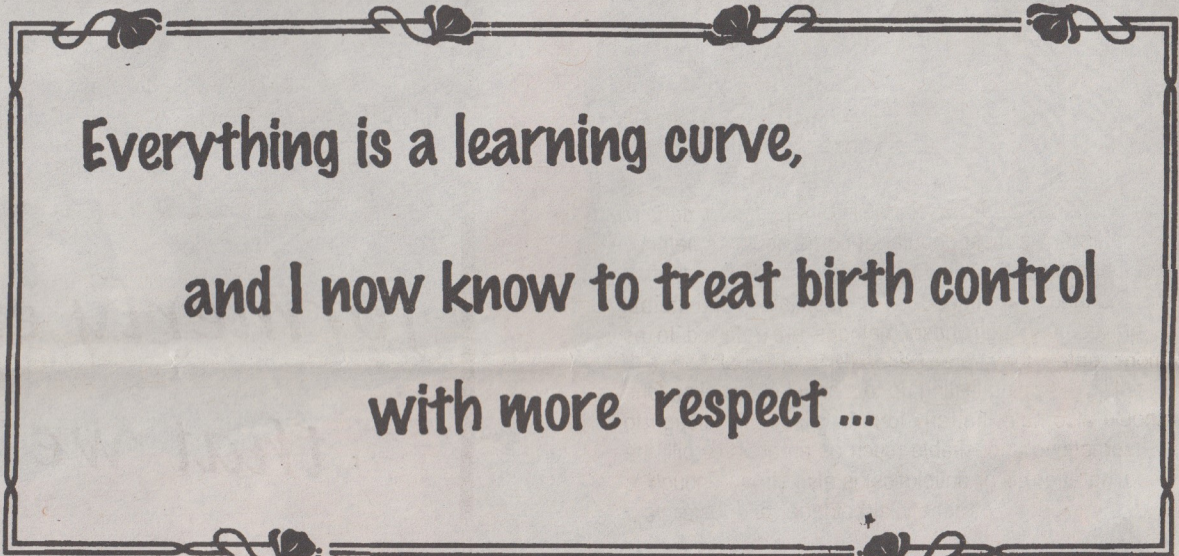
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**Everything is a learning curve,
and I now know to treat birth control
with more respect ...**

extreme surprise, I discovered that abortion procedures cost approximately \$750, whether performed in a hospital or via a pill. Because I wasn't yet a state resident, and never had health insurance, it made getting any type of reduced costs that much less feasible. Moreover, the more I read, the more I realized that neither pregnancy nor abortion procedures are quick, painless or easy. In fact they can be extremely complex and taxing, physically, emotionally and mentally.

When my hormones kicked in, all hell broke loose. Usually when a woman experiences PMS for the first two weeks prior to her period, she may experience a variety of symptoms such as abdominal cramping, water-retention, bloating, swelling and sensitivity of the breasts, food cravings, irritability, anger, depression, difficulty concentrating, decreased energy, headaches; the list goes on. At least PMS only lasts for two weeks, and all malaise that has accumulated within the body for two weeks is gloriously released once the menses blood flow begins. Like PMS, pregnancy produces the

I began to feel that the only people I could talk to became women who had undergone the experience of pregnancy and/or abortion. Women who could relate, assuring me that the symptoms I was feeling weren't fabricated out of my imagination. Slowly but surely, women around me began to open up about their own experiences with abortion. Although each story was unique in its own right, the common thread was one of pain and sorrow. Surprisingly the women I spoke to were excited to recount their stories, mainly because they had felt too ashamed or timid to open up in the past.

A woman's hormones are dominated by estrogen and progesterone, with testosterone playing a smaller role. Throughout every month, estrogen and progesterone flow through several peaks and dips. Though men experience hormonal cycles, they are not as complex, and do not rise and fall as drastically or frequently as the female's. The physical, mental and emotional states of a woman are intrinsically dependent upon the cycles of her hormones, though this is not to imply that

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a personal story

hormones are the be all end all. This is a very real, science and evidence based female process that should not be denied or overlooked. Denying this only makes male/female relationships all that more difficult and distancing.

Eventually I received my first ultrasound, only to find out that I was too early. At four weeks pregnant I had developed the 'sack' for the fetus, but the fetus itself was too microscopic to enact a proper abortion procedure. After spending countless hours in the hospital and little at work, the day finally came when I was able to get an abortion. At six weeks and six days— exactly a month before my birthday— I saw our baby on the ultrasound, a little white strip cocooned in a protective sac; mine and my partner's little seed of love and magic, soon to be suctioned out and terminated.

The days before the procedure I researched abortion procedures and recovery, read countless accounts written by anonymous women, and was left feeling horrified. Not only did I read a deluge of personal accounts illustrating excruciating pain, but I read many horror stories in which procedures went terribly awry. Women spoke of lying in bed for weeks in sheer agony, bleeding heavily, acquiring infections, experiencing intense abdominal swelling to the point where eating was not possible. Abortion information pages advised not to have sex or exercise for 2-4 weeks. Common side effects included cramping for a few days, soreness and swelling, depression, and mild bleeding for a couple of weeks. The more movement you do after the procedure, the more you will cramp and bleed.

There are different methods for aborting a baby. Some are operation based, while others can be done at home. The two most popular at-home abortion methods are performed via pill— which are typically prescribed by Planned Parenthood or a hospital— and herbal abortives. Although these methods are referred to as



distracted to take notice of the procedure. In fact, I barely felt a thing, and left the hospital feeling relieved and elated after having anticipated the worst.

When I arrived home I immediately fell asleep, only waking for a few hours in the eve before falling back asleep again for the night. It wasn't until the day after when the aftermath of the procedure hit me. I had thought that once the abortion was performed, the hormone related symptoms of pregnancy would ease up, and life would return back to normal. In reality, your hormones do not instantaneously balance themselves out, taking up to a month to return to their normal cycle. I found myself mysteriously bursting into tears the day after the abortion, unable to decipher why, save for the

have evened out and the severe feelings of depression I felt throughout my pregnancy are easing. I look forward to being able to work, bike, dance, have sex, experience my period, mental clarity and energy again; all the simple things we take for granted. My follow-up appointment is a week from now, and I hope to hear that I do not have an infection, that all is okay and life will return to normal. Moreover I eagerly anticipate the arrival of my state ID, so that I may get admitted for Medicare, covering my operation costs.

As unpleasant as the past two months of my life have been, I cannot say that I regret this experience, or apologize for connecting with my partner without a condom. Everything is a learning curve, and I now know



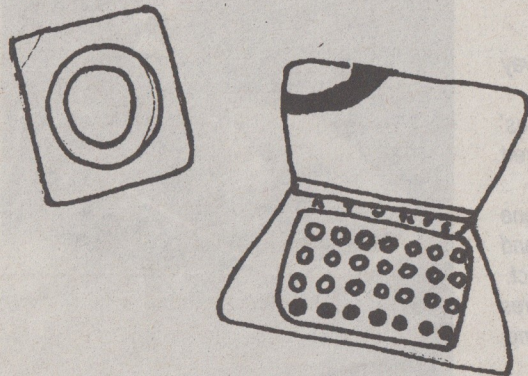
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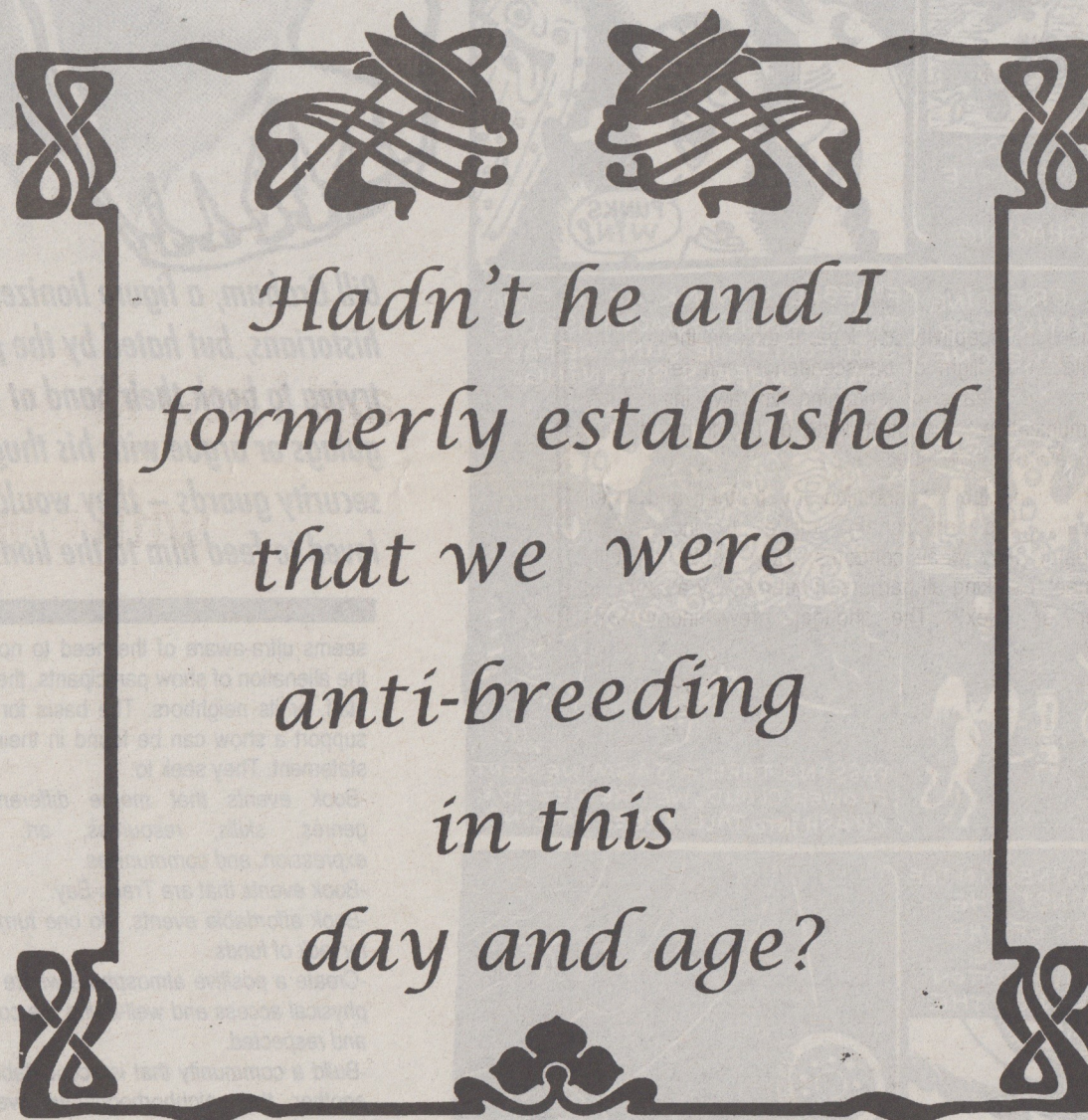
There are different methods for aborting a baby. Some are operation based, while others can be done at home. The two most popular at-home abortion methods are performed via pill—which are typically prescribed by Planned Parenthood or a hospital—and herbal abortives. Although these methods are referred to as more safe, they are generally more painful, with crippling cramping lasting up to a couple of weeks. One should also note that any form of pill strong enough to kill something undesirable (such as an abortive pill, the morning after pill or antibiotics) is also strong enough to purge your body of beneficial bacteria, and lower your immunity. The method I chose to use is called Vacuum or Suction Aspiration, primarily because the procedure itself only lasts a maximum of 15 minutes.

The day of the procedure I woke up at 5 am and dutifully took two sedating pills that had been prescribed to me the day before. At 7 am my appointment began. I was taken into an operation room, hooked up to an IV,



and rubbed down with disinfectant. Preparation took about 30 minutes, after which anesthesia was pumped through the IV, and local anesthesia was applied to numb my cervix. A sterile cannula was then inserted into my uterus and attached via tubing to a pump, which suctioned out the contents of my uterus. The doctor scraped my uterus, inserted a non-hormonal copper IUD (formally known as Intrauterine Device, a form of

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fact that I felt hypersensitive to everything; lights, people, sound, scents, my experience.

But the harsher realities I had to face were the physical side effects. To help illustrate, I will preface by saying that I have a very high pain tolerance, have gladly endured much tattooing without wincing, and believe that a little pain keeps one mentally healthy. I was not prepared for my stomach to swell up like a balloon, to the point where any substance I consumed created the uncomfortable sensation that my stomach would explode. Moreover, for the next week, I

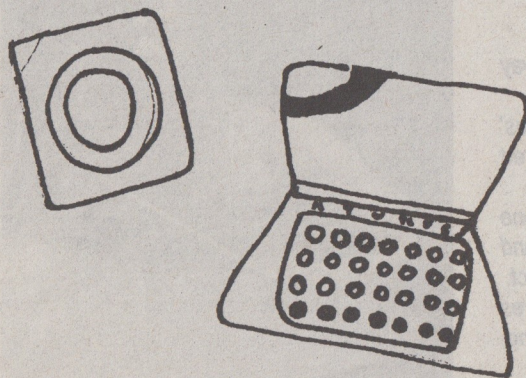
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After the procedure I was given antibiotics, so as to prevent infection. Because I had an IUD inserted into my uterus, I was at a higher risk for infection within the first month post-operation, but I was unable to accept the antibiotic because they prescribed me a variety that I had had a near-death allergic reaction to in the past.

Because the anesthesia had catapulted me into a hallucinatory trip wherein my nurse's eyes started to decay and the floor turned to melting lava, I was too

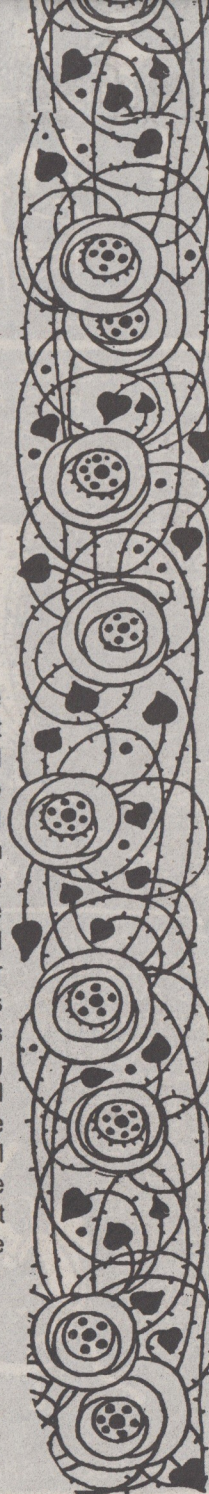
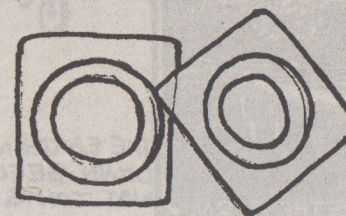
that we were anti-breeding in this day and age?

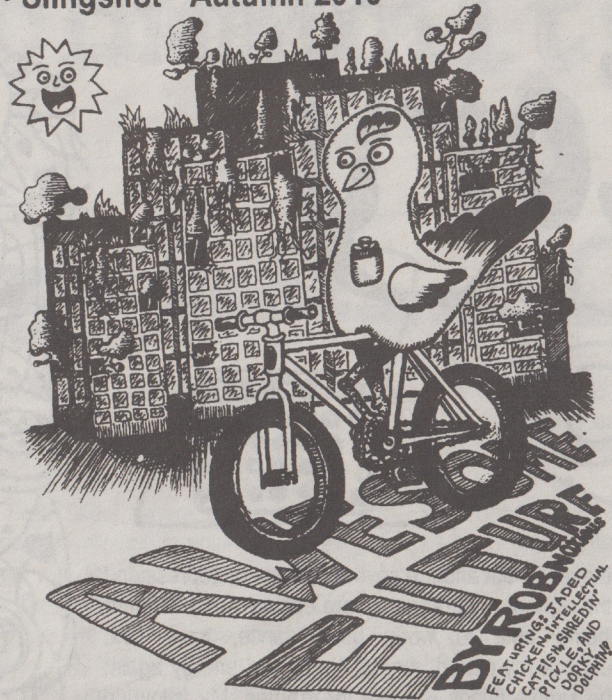
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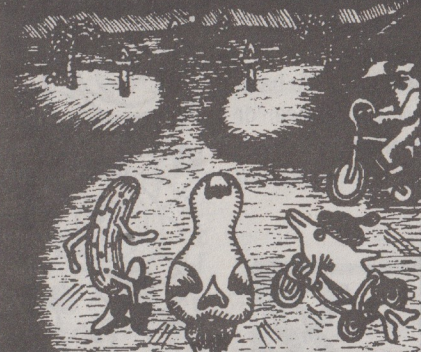
It has now been exactly a week since the abortion. My breasts and abdomen are still swollen, I am still bleeding mildly, and experiencing pain at night, though symptoms seem to be subsiding. It seems my moods

to treat birth control with more respect, and to be more aware of my monthly ovulation cycle. Though I felt disempowered throughout my experience, I am thankful to be able to share what I experienced, so as to empower men and woman to approach pregnancy and abortion with caution and respect. I feel proud to be a woman, intimately aware of all the internal battles we must face, the weight we must carry for the world. We are not living in a woman's world, where men feel incentive to take birth control into their own hands, or where we can explain to our male bosses how cramps can be one of the most crippling pains to endure. Thus many women are forced to be silent, quietly enduring inevitable pain and tribulations. Although pregnancy and abortion will be experienced by most women sometime in their life, most feel too ashamed to talk about it. I hope to abolish these fears and break through the contrived societal walls we have built. But most importantly, I hope to encourage you to practice safe sex.





WITH PULSING HEARTS WE
RIDE THRU THE NIGHT.



FIRES BURN AT THE CROSS-
ROADS & FLOWERS MARK THE
PARTIES. WE MOVE FROM
CIRCLE TO CIRCLE, SHARING

A FEAST OF NEVERENDING
COURSES, AND DRINKS FOR
DIGESTION. WE TAKE ONE
FOR THE ROAD.

INFINITE FRIENDSHIP ON A
TWO WHEELED PROCESSION.
WE MINGLE OUR DESIRES
& FOLLOW THEM.



FIREBALLS WINK AT US FROM
THE DARKNESS, MOUTHS & LIPS
SPIT FORTH THE SUN. WE FALL
APART, WHEELS SPINNING.

WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW?

NEW COLLECTIVE SEEKS TO AMPLIFY

Continued from Page 1

accommodating touring bands, and practicing and playing shows in their own bands.

When reading the group's mission statement, it is clear that the collective comes from a place where people live within the reverberation of oppression. The collective

lionized for these and other reasons. Sadly, counter-revolutionary times have turned the space into the "Alternative Music Foundation," a showcase for hetero-normative, violence-saturated white boy bands. What was "for the punks, by the punks" is now just a shadow of the Bill Graham venues, motivated at the bottom line by making money rather than making revolutionaries. A lot of the people in the Bay Area Booking Collective grew up going to Gilman, but have been largely alienated from its resources and forced to make their own version of a radical night out.

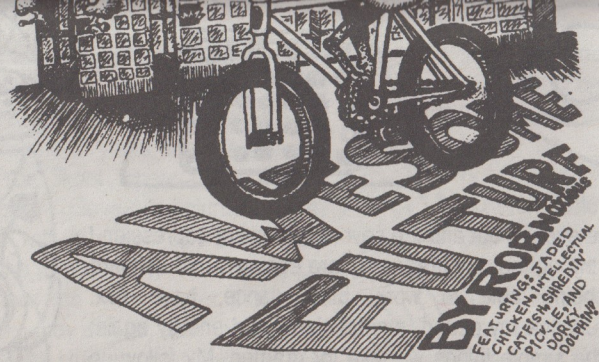
The booking collective is trapped in the old song and dance of wanting but being unable to open their own club. They, as well as many before them, have been trying to open an all-ages music space in San Francisco, but with no result. The war on youth has never ended, neither here nor in other big cities like New York or Seattle. But it's not like this problem will go away—or the need for all-ages shows and spaces that people can truly call their own. The libratory nature of rock n' roll, punk, and most of the creative arts is that they are as accessible to ordinary people as they are to the stars or the abnormally privileged.

I asked if they plan to make their events tie in to what goes on in the outside world. The news the day of the collective meeting was of another oil rig explosion in the Gulf of Mexico, of "peace" talks between Israel and Palestine, of the sit/lie ban in SF. Could the collective's events respond to issues like these, both far and near? They told me they have info tables with pamphlets and zines at shows. They strive to have speakers and workshops along with the standard bands and DJs. This indicates that they are setting up a pattern to

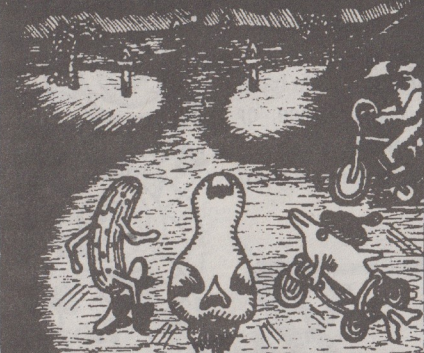


Bill Graham, a figure lionized by historians, but hated by the people trying to book their band at his

venues or argue with his thugs



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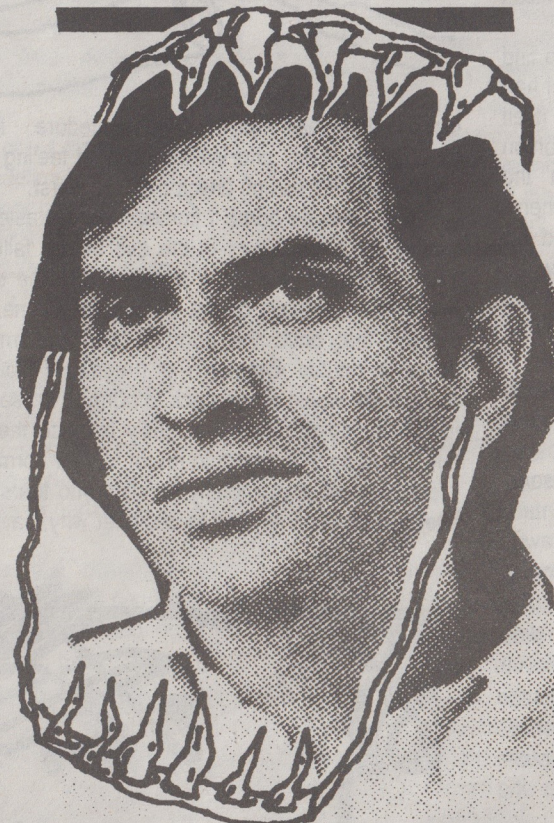
FIREBALLS WINK AT US FROM
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PASSING THRU A JASMINE SCENT
FLOWER CLOUD, WE ARE SIEZED &
CRASH INTO TALL TREES DANCING.

WE LEAVE OUR MACHINES IN THE
GRASS & KISS AGAINST THE
DEEPLY ROUGH BARK OF THE
COTTONWOOD TREE. LIKE

When reading the group's mission statement, it is clear that the collective comes from a place where people live within the reverberation of oppression. The collective



Bill Graham, a figure lionized by historians, but hated by the people trying to book their band at his gulags or argue with his thug security guards — they would have loved to feed him to the lions

seems ultra-aware of the need to not amplify the alienation of show participants, the venue's staff, or its neighbors. The basis for them to support a show can be found in their mission statement. They seek to:

- Book events that merge different music genres, skills, resources, art, creative expression, and communities.
- Book events that are Trans-Bay.
- Book affordable events. No one turned away for lack of funds.

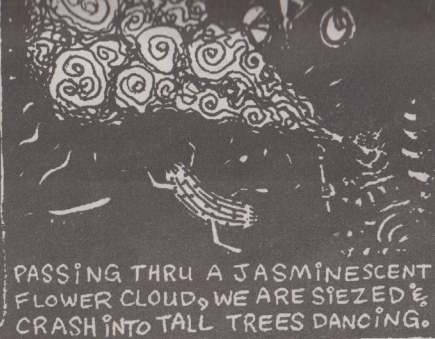
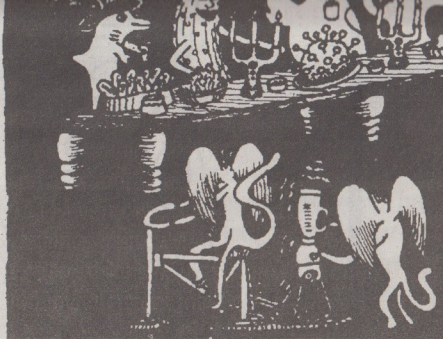
space into the "Alternative Music Foundation," a showcase for hetero-normative, violence-saturated white boy bands. What was "for the punks, by the punks" is now just a shadow of the Bill Graham venues, motivated at the bottom line by making money rather than making revolutionaries. A lot of the people in the Bay Area Booking Collective grew up going to Gilman, but have been largely alienated from its resources and forced to make their own version of a radical night out.

The booking collective is trapped in the old song and dance of wanting but being unable to open their own club. They, as well as many before them, have been trying to open an all-ages music space in San Francisco, but with no result. The war on youth has never ended, neither here nor in other big cities like New York or Seattle. But it's not like this problem will go away—or the need for all-ages shows and spaces that people can truly call their own. The libratory nature of rock n' roll, punk, and most of the creative arts is that they are as accessible to ordinary people as they are to the stars or the abnormally privileged.

I asked if they plan to make their events tie in to what goes on in the outside world. The news the day of the collective meeting was of another oil rig explosion in the Gulf of Mexico, of "peace" talks between Israel and Palestine, of the sit/lie ban in SF. Could the collective's events respond to issues like these, both far and near? They told me they have info tables with pamphlets and zines at shows. They strive to have speakers and workshops along with the standard bands and DJs. This indicates that they are setting up a pattern to address the outside world. This doesn't seem to be that far from the tradition of political entertainment in the Bay Area—events like the punk show counter-protest outside the Democratic National Convention, or the time MDC (Millions of Damned Christians) played to the Pope's passing motorcade. The point is to set up a space where we as artists are not just responding to events, but creating them—and tipping the balance into a visionary new world.

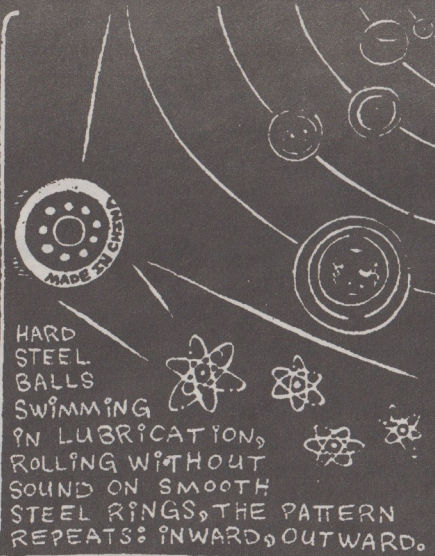
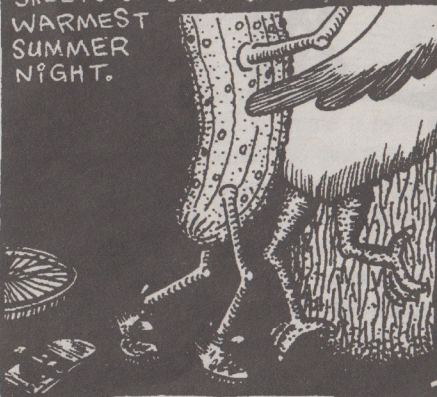
The steps to making a new world are often tiny at first, but consistent meetings and shows





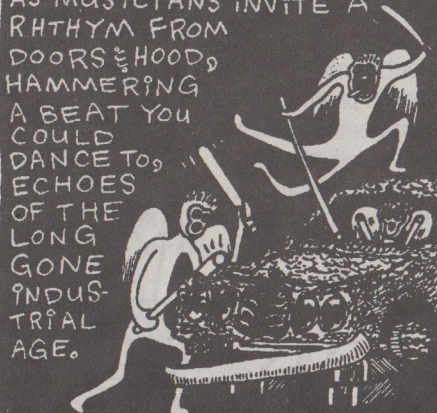
PASSING THRU A JASMINE SCENT
FLOWER CLOUD, WE ARE SEIZED &
CRASH INTO TALL TREES DANCING.

WE LEAVE OUR MACHINES IN THE
GRASS & KISS AGAINST THE
DEEPLY ROUGH BARK OF THE
COTTONWOOD TREE. LIKE
COASTING DOWNHILL, COTTON
SHEETS ON SOFT SKIN ON THE
WARMEST
SUMMER
NIGHT.



HARD
STEEL
BALLS
SWIMMING
IN LUBRICATION,
ROLLING WITHOUT
SOUND ON SMOOTH
STEEL RINGS, THE PATTERN
REPEATS: INWARD, OUTWARD.

THE MOON SHINES ON THE
STEEL SHELL OF AN AUTOMOBILE
AS MUSICIANS INVITE A
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EACH BLOW SHAPES THE FORM



THE EARTH MAY TURN UPSIDE-
DOWN BEFORE WE DIE, BUT
NOT TONIGHT MY FRIENDS!

security guards — they would have
loved to feed him to the lions

seems ultra-aware of the need to not amplify the alienation of show participants, the venue's staff, or its neighbors. The basis for them to support a show can be found in their mission statement. They seek to:

- Book events that merge different music genres, skills, resources, art, creative expression, and communities.
- Book events that are Trans-Bay.
- Book affordable events. No one turned away for lack of funds.
- Create a positive atmosphere where peoples' physical access and well-being are considered and respected.
- Build a community that is accountable to one another, the neighborhoods we live in and have events in, and anybody the events effect.
- Create an environment that inspires relationships that are meaningful, enriching, positive, and supportive.

In some ways their task at hand is easier than the past. For one, having a rock n' roll good time is now more commonplace. The old people of today can appreciate (or ignore) the booty shaking, the modest volume, and the unclassically trained performers. Also, the Bay Area lived under what once was referred to as the "Hippie Mafia" till the peak of the Baby Boomers in the early 1990's. Mostly this referred to Bill Graham, a figure lionized by historians, but hated by the people trying to book their band at his gulags or argue with his thug security guards. They would have loved to feed him to the lions. Bill helped to make an industry of grassroots music that is still in operation but now there is no illusion that his legacy is attached to the counter culture.

Thankfully the days of the Hippie Mafia are gone. One of the groups who directly challenged the monopoly of Big Bill was Maximum Rock n' Roll, who helped to open a club in radical Berkeley using a criteria of eradicating racist, sexist, homophobic, and violent behavior on the stage and off. The Gilman Street Project has itself been greatly

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The steps to making a new world are often tiny at first, but consistent meetings and shows



go a long way towards creating spaces infused with radical politics—even if only for a few hours at a time. Punks often sound like a skipping CD, beeping about how they hate going to meetings, but gathering twice a month, as the BABC does, actually helps to make the wheel of revolution move. They meet the first Thursday of the month at the Long Haul in Berkeley (3124 Shattuck), and the third Sunday of the month at Modern Times Bookstore in SF (888 Valencia). Of course one can also find them by logging onto their internet site, or you can call the Bay Area hotline 510-BAD-SMUT, which lists events that they and others create. Or better yet, start your own group to fit the local needs where you live, and reach out to form alliances with BABC or the other groups presented in this rag.

POLICING FESTIVALS

OUTSIDE "OUTSIDE LANDS"

Autumn 2010 • Slingshot • Page 13

By Adam Hofbauer

At checkpoint one, an orange shirted collection of volunteers and semi-professional security contractors organize bag searches and document inspection. This is the only civilian entrance through the perimeter fence that rings all the way around the interior. Uniformed police on motorcycles and dirt bikes or mounted on horses make paces up and down the fence, scattering away anyone who gathers for too long to peek inside. In some places, a layer of horse shit has been applied to the base of the fence, as if to say, "You want to sneak in? Fine, but you're going to crawl through shit first." But this is no militarized zone. This gulag isn't motivated by a national border dispute or a political cold war. This is the atmosphere of a summer day in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, on the outskirts of the Outside Lands music festival.

The festival sits down on top of the park with all the subtlety of a baby on fire, sprawling across acres of normally free land. On the initial approach, you can't help but assume that there has to be some way in. Given this much land, this many people over three nights and all these dozens of bands and vendors and flat beds and sound checks, there must be some weak point. Someplace where you can walk in easily and pass undetected among everyone who paid 125 dollars to be here over the weekend (or 75, just for the day).

A lot of people must have assumed this, because they've all camped out together beyond the fences. They sit in trees and

But even on this, little is certain. There are those who insist that the solution isn't to go with the group, but wait them out. They're sure that once the security catches the first group and escorts them towards the exit, a hole will be left open with which a few select folks can slip in quietly and stroll their way inside.

The festival sits down on top of the park with all the subtlety of a baby on fire, sprawling across acres of normally free land.

The first problem is the wilderness beyond the fence. Out here with everyone on the outside, the security is nice enough to give you vague advice on where the best place to sneak in could be. Out here, a little bit of flirting or kind words can earn you valuable infiltration information or, at the very least, the acknowledgement of shared humanity. But on the inside, they break out the ATVs.

Sit on the hill long enough and the far off rock concert quickly becomes less

And then beyond what you can see from the hill, everything turns into rumor. Someone mentions horses in the forest. There is a colorful but unlikely story about bee hives situated in the path of potential runners. The unsuccessful mob organizer in the camouflage provides a single stark warning: "If they tell you to stop, keep running. If they say they're going to get the dogs, stop." Even if you can get past all of that, the cops, the Orange shirts, the first fence, the quarter mile sprint and the Blue shirts in their land rovers, you still have a second fence to jump, and a second mad dash into the anonymity of the ticket holders.

Even this far in there's no guarantee. There are rumors of random spot checks and paper searches. A man with a leashed dog and a vaguely western European accent tells of his son's failure. Not at the hands of the security, he got through them. No, the man says, his son was turned in by one of the spectators, who caught him and pointed him out to security. "Fucker," the man says. "He had rock and roll in his head, and Hitler shit in his heart."

be high, but we still have a guarantee that eludes millions of people eyeing life across artificial boundary lines. Because tomorrow, our fence will come down, while theirs remains. And here we are, playing the Immigration Simulator, the Disney version of the Arizona profiling law.

As the day ends, I walk back to my bike along the outside of the fence, finally done with this whole business of being in the right place at the right time. Everywhere you look there are people pulling up the fences, darting across that old familiar no man's land. People creep through the woods not ten yards from the fence, headed towards what any experienced jumper would know is just another waiting security guard. Do they know about the second fence? Do they know about the second security force hiding in the bushes? Everyone is so conspicuous it becomes impossible to believe that the security is doing anything but laughing at us.

So would it have been easier to sit and enjoy the show from outside, then? I did spend a good ten minutes in a tree, watching Edward Sharpe from above the heads of horses and the spikes of fences, before security kicked me out. Isn't there something to dancing with the mid-riffed girls and sharing warm beer with new friends. Doesn't the beer taste the same, regardless of what side of the fence you're on? I can't help but feel a sense of frustration at the sight of all those thousands of honest ticket payers, tucked away safely on the inside. Why do they outnumber the

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A lot of people must have assumed this, because they've all camped out together beyond the fences. They sit in trees and dance with hula hoops on a hill that overlooks the thousands of people on the inside. Policemen sit on horses between us and the fences. Underneath the trees, groups of street kids lay sprawled on mats of pine needles and old blankets, advertising illegal drugs on hastily scrawled cardboard signs. Improvisational hippie folk bands spring daisy like out of the mulch. It's the nightmare of every visiting church group embodied in a thinly packed strip of bare mid riffs and contact juggling.

On the other side of the park, a hill overlooks the main stage. The bass is loud and the lyrics indistinct, and through a long grove of trees the crowd is a kind of hive beneath the far off mega monitors. And here people have laid out blankets and tied their dogs and their bikes around trees. There is a resigned contentment, watching from beyond the gates, catching the echoes of performances miles in the distance. Somewhere, Al Green is singing. The beer must taste just as good here, the grass just as green.

But this is only half of the community. The rest prowls the outskirts, memorizing the locations of loose fencing, where it can most easily be pulled up and slid underneath. A

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Sit on the hill long enough and the far off rock concert quickly becomes less



entertaining than the spectator sport of watching people booking it across the wilderness between the fence and the stages. Groups of half a dozen sneak looks up and down the length of the perimeter, then duck down to raise the fence like the hem of a couch about to have dust swept beneath it. Then underneath this slides a friend who, once on the other side, raises the fence for their companion to follow. And then they bolt across the woods. Boyfriends ditch their girlfriends. Groups of friends try to stick together, only to lose their composure and split up.

And here we are, playing the Immigration Simulator, the Disney

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A bearded boy with a mandolin in his backpack tells of being roughed up and threatened by the Blue shirts on the inside, and the experience has drained him. Now he sits with the old men and the dog owners, content on the hill. He says that yesterday he spotted Alex Ebert, of Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeroes, making his way past the fence. He yelled his name, and the man sat beside him and they shared break-in strategy together. With this he has found his experience. With that mandolin in his backpack, he never would have been let in anyway. Here at the Outside Lands Music Festival, as detailed in the "What not to bring" section of their web site, musical instruments are strictly prohibited.

My own attempt failed along with most of the others. I joined up with a pair of girls from out of town, who stuck with me past the first fence and all the way to the back end of a police station. And while the police escorted us out, the security guards laughed

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And yet if I'd stayed in that crowd, maybe I would have been there for what happened during Chromeo's set; for that moment when a group of kids rose up out of nowhere and rushed the fence. And, to cheers from the crowd within, they knocked the whole thing right over and rushed inside and blended in, disappearing into the crowd. I was just in the right place at the wrong time. I must have missed it by that much. If only that bunch of kids had dodged instead of weaved, if only they'd hopped instead of dug, they'd be on the inside right now. And with that kind of thought in the back of your head, how can you possibly just sit in your tree?

But then I try to remember why I came here in the first place. It wasn't for some spectacular musical line up. It wasn't for any kind of atmosphere. The fences, the guards, they're a challenge. An opportunity to say that no matter what is built, myself or someone else will find a way to smash it down. Though we may not have as much at stake as a people faced with true and

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But this is only half of the community. The rest prowls the outskirts, memorizing the locations of loose fencing, where it can most easily be pulled up and slid underneath. A man in his middle forties spends hours attempting to organize a critical mass of bodies with which to ram fences. He has already been escorted out by security twice, with no consequence more than a firm warning not to do it again. He compares the whole business to a video game. Twice I join him in a hesitant mob, marching along the fence, trying to gain momentum, only to lose it as people trail off, flake away. He keeps openly wondering where the solidarity is? Wasn't it just last year that some mythical group of people broke the fence down? So why, he wonders, is it so hard to form a group, at least one group big enough for a cut and run strategy? Just get enough people on the other side of that fence and haul ass in enough directions, and there will be no way the security can catch everyone.

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In pursuit come the four wheelers, appearing from stands of trees, the Blue shirts in tow. These aren't the helpful but firm Orange shirted lifeguards of the perimeter. This far in all you get are anxious bull dogs, with linebacker shoulders and bald heads supported by folds of neck fat. They appear from behind bushes, from the crooks in trees, emerging with all the magic of pernicious leprechauns out to defend their gold.

A bearded boy with a mandolin in his backpack tells of being roughed up and threatened by the Blue shirts on the inside, and the experience has drained him. Now he sits with the old men and the dog owners, content on the hill. He says that yesterday he spotted Alex Ebert, of Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeroes, making his way past the fence. He yelled his name, and the man sat beside him and they shared break-in strategy together. With this he has found his experience. With that mandolin in his backpack, he never would have been let in anyway. Here at the Outside Lands Music Festival, as detailed in the "What not to bring" section of their web site, musical instruments are strictly prohibited.

My own attempt failed along with most of the others. I joined up with a pair of girls from out of town, who stuck with me past the first fence and all the way to the back end of a police station. And while the police escorted us out, the security guards laughed the whole way out. The girls vanished as they joined up with another group, headed down the fence, looking for that magic spot.

The show soon takes on a sense of self-parody, a border town masquerading as a rock concert. All day people compare the breaking in to video games or heist movies or a complicated form of tag. You can't help but compare the whole thing to its "real life" counterparts. We would likely seem even more silly, in our world without consequences, to anyone who has ever had to sleep out for a night in a rat-infested drain pipe or trust their fortune to nameless men in clapboard border towns. This fence may

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STOPPING TRAFFIC IN SACRAMENTO

DISABILITY RIGHTS ACTIVISTS FIGHT TO REMAIN INDEPENDENT!

Continued from Page 1

destiny. "Most people you see on the streets are either disabled or foster care kids. The government is failing its end of the social contract, to be a safety net for those with no support network," according to Mandy DeMuff.

Forced institutionalization violates peoples' basic right to live in community, and it does not save money in the long run. A study by Connecticut College Professor Candace Howes shows that California could save nearly \$300 million per year if, instead of eliminating the IHSS program, it transitioned one-third of its nursing facility residents back into the community. Housing one person in a nursing home can be as much as 5 times costlier than paying the wages of a health care worker to provide services in the home.

"The politicians don't realize that one day every single one of us will be disabled," community organizer Sheela Gunn told me. "They have no idea that half the people in this country live one paycheck away from homelessness."

Sheela is one of thousands who depend on social security to supplement income lost due to disability. They pay for rent, food, and medical care on a shoestring budget. But the balancing act of social security is a double-edged sword — the government's guidelines for those living below the poverty line make it impossible for an SSI recipient to save money, keeping them perpetually on the brink of disaster. Even basic purchases like a new wheelchair or respirator must be routed through advocates and friends to avoid having their bank accounts seized. The penalty for savings means recipients must spend their meager earnings month to month, making it nearly impossible for those without a support



"The Amieville encampment broke through the myth that people are disabled and poor because they're bad or unwilling to pick themselves up by their bootstraps. This story of the American Dream is what the rich tell us every day so they can continue wiping their asses with \$100 bills." He suggests that decentralized actions throughout the state have the power to apply grassroots pressure to turn the tide against cuts to disabled services.

The harsh prospect of being forced out of their home into an institution is causing some

institution, she would not become pregnant if sexually assaulted by an aide at the nursing home. This woman's story is a grim reminder that the cold statistics of Sacramento's balance sheets have real human consequences.

The adversity faced by many in the disabled community creates a pluck and determination that is greatly inspiring. Their grace and humor displayed by those in terrifying circumstances remind us to confront these grave times with a light heart and share our experience compassionately, even with those who may

OVERCOMING WAR THINK!

Continued from Page 1

into a blinding rage. This constant sense of being "against" without any positive vision for a better world is a symptom of a war-based outlook with its cycles of destruction and scorched earth. Building a new, better society requires vision, sharing and creativity — never easy but even more difficult to nurture as the war drags on.

On a human level, the wars are grinding up thousands of people in Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan, while concentrating suffering in economically-struggling communities within the US that provide the bulk of troops through an informal poverty draft. There's never enough money for workers or poor people during the current recession, yet there is always plenty to spend on war.

War culture can become a self-perpetuating psychological/political cycle in which popular movements to stop the war seem weak, frivolous and ineffective and those waging the war appear to be all-powerful, "serious, realistic" men and therefore unquestionable. The justification for the war no longer matters — the priority becomes winning so the people sacrificed so far will not have died in vain.

When the US invaded Iraq, millions of people colorfully and lovingly went into the streets to protest. Governments and the media bent over backwards to ignore the resistance or trivialize us as naive, and this strategy took its toll on our morale. The leaders had learned the lessons of Vietnam well — but they were the wrong lessons. After Vietnam, military and political leaders claimed they would never fight another unwinnable, ill-defined, colonial,

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Disability and houseless rights advocate Dan McMullan talks about the need for popular uprisings throughout California to confront the symptoms of poverty in afflicted communities.



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The harsh prospect of being forced out of their home into an institution is causing some to make grim preparations. I spoke with a woman in a wheelchair who matter-of-factly described her decision to undergo surgical sterilization. Her reasoning was, when she lost her health worker and moved to a medical

institution, she would not become pregnant if sexually assaulted by an aide at the nursing home. This woman's story is a grim reminder that the cold statistics of Sacramento's balance sheets have real human consequences.

The adversity faced by many in the disabled community creates a pluck and determination that is greatly inspiring. Their grace and humor displayed by those in terrifying circumstances remind us to confront these grave times with a light heart and share our experience compassionately, even with those who may not have the ability to listen. They show us the richness of experience those with little material resources can share, and point out the spiritual bankruptcy of wealthy politicians who amass their riches at the expense of others.

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There is no easy strategy to stop the war or liberate ourselves from the industrial machine that is killing the earth, but it is clear that whatever we're collectively trying isn't working the way it is supposed, to, and we have to take some chances and try some new strategies. The way the war has become a background track to our lives is related in some subtle but real way to the sense of meaningless, resignation, and social isolation that so many people feel. It is tied in some complex way to growing corporate power and our inability to reach a social consensus on the phasing out of fossil fuels.

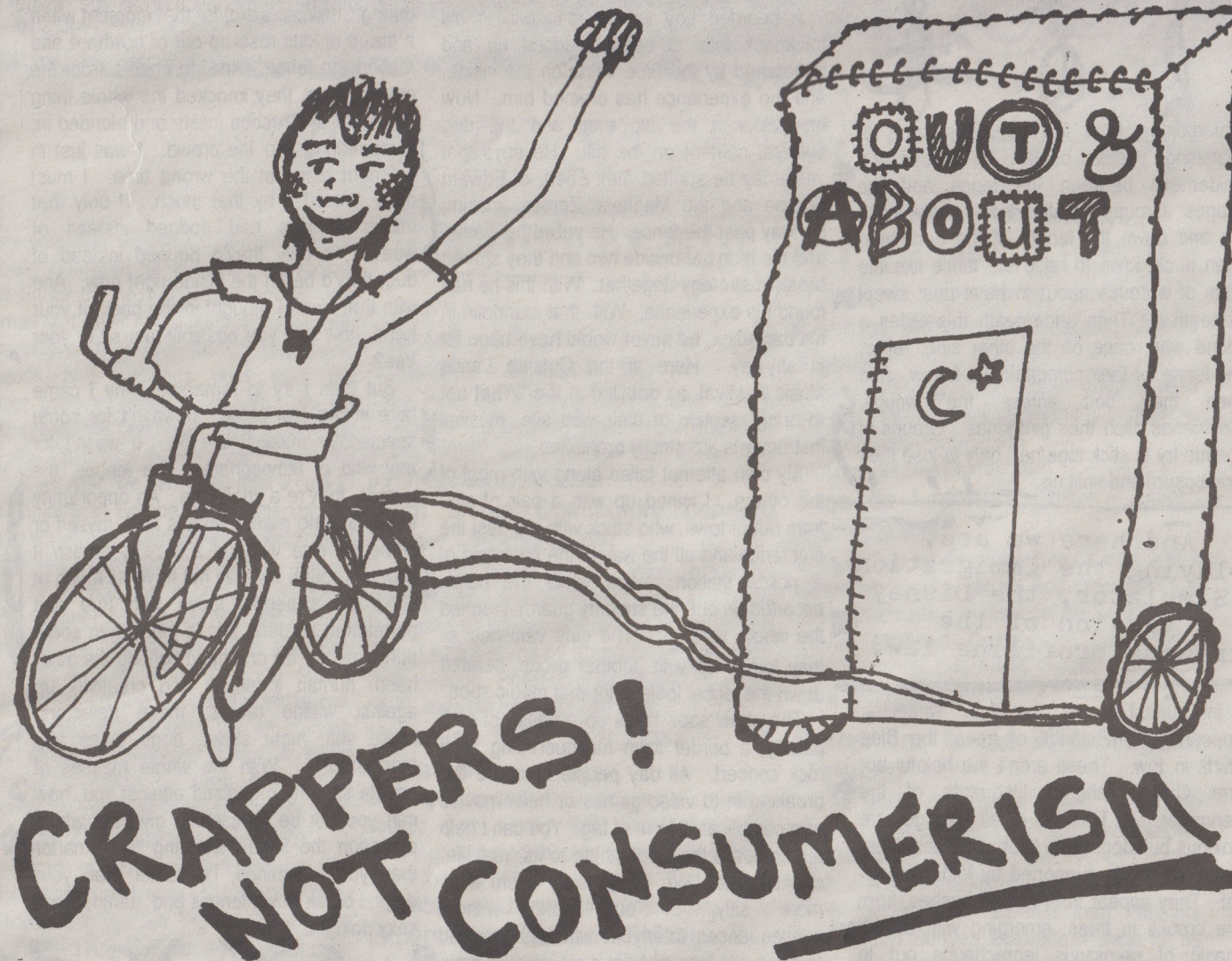
A bold, broad resistance would address all of it at once, painting a positive vision for the future based on values of cooperation, love, and community — an awe for the time in which we live and the earth we live on. Our goal must be to change the dialogue and transcend simplistic and limiting terms of debate that predetermine the outcomes in line with what is "acceptable" for our rulers. We refuse to pick between paper and plastic, the Taliban or the



bleakly and headless fight between Dan McMullan talks about the need for popular uprisings throughout California to confront the symptoms of poverty in afflicted communities.

woman in a wheelchair who matter-of-factly described her decision to undergo surgical sterilization. Her reasoning was, when she lost her health worker and moved to a medical

homeless or experience those with little material resources can share, and point out the spiritual bankruptcy of wealthy politicians who amass their riches at the expense of others.



Okay, it's a minor problem, but someone has to tackle it. You're walking in a major urban area and you're looking for a bathroom, but you can't find one. Every business has a sign in the window saying something like "restroom is for customers only." Never mind the complete lack of legal late-night deposit possibilities.

Berkeley's brand new Liberate the Lavatory collective (LLC) was organized to confront this problem with direct action. They have designed and are constructing a bike-based mobile composting outhouse ("Out-and-About House" for short, see figure 1) which they

propose to use in a campaign to get Berkeley's merchants to liberate their lavatories. Once the Out-and-About House is finished, LLC will go door-to-door to businesses with customer-only bathrooms and ask them to open it up. LLC will park in front of businesses that refuse until they relent, providing a free and fragrant alternative.

This could be the next Food Not Bombs — every town with its own bike powered potty collective — and in fact, if you already have a FNB, what are you doing to take care of the, er, by-products of your meals?

— Jesse D. Palmer (aka PB Floyd)

was that to light, they had to keep control over the home front.

There is no easy strategy to stop the war or liberate ourselves from the industrial machine that is killing the earth, but it is clear that whatever we're collectively trying isn't working the way it is supposed, to, and we have to take some chances and try some new strategies. The way the war has become a background track to our lives is related in some subtle but real way to the sense of meaningless, resignation, and social isolation that so many people feel. It is tied in some complex way to growing corporate power and our inability to reach a social consensus on the phasing out of fossil fuels.

A bold, broad resistance would address all of it at once, painting a positive vision for the future based on values of cooperation, love, and community — an awe for the time in which we live and the earth we live on. Our goal must be to change the dialogue and transcend simplistic and limiting terms of debate that predetermine the outcomes in line with what is "acceptable" for our rulers. We refuse to pick between paper and plastic, the Taliban or the US Army, free markets or a dehumanizing welfare bureaucracy. The error is deeper than picking the wrong options — the error is thinking that there are only two options.

We need to reject simplistic thinking and morality — good or evil — and humbly embrace the complexity of human individuals and social projects. Simplistic thinking is like mental junk food: empty calories. People are yearning for honest new types of discourse that treat them as intelligent, capable individuals who can actively participate in community to reach common goals. The current moment is full of dangers and disappointments, but also opportunities because the rulers are not all-powerful, they have no clothes, and people won't be satisfied being ruled through fear forever.

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THEY TELL US WE'RE TERRORISTS:

Facing government
repression with
dignity

By the Scott & Carrie Support Committee

Ending his struggle against a police witch-hunt under the notorious Animal Enterprise Protection Act (AEPA), activist Scott DeMuth took a plea bargain deal September 13. The plea avoided a trial for which he could have faced three years in prison. Scott pled guilty to one misdemeanor conspiracy to commit animal enterprise terrorism for his role in the April 29, 2006 Animal Liberation Front (ALF) raid on Lakeside Ferrets, Inc., in Howard Lake, Minnesota. The plea was to a lesser-included charge of his felony indictment and carries a maximum of six months in prison and a period of supervised release. The government has agreed to ask for a sentence of the full six months in prison, but not to ask for the imposition of any fine. However, this is NOT a cooperating plea agreement; Scott has not been asked to testify against anyone else, nor would he do so. Scott's sentencing has been scheduled for December 15, 2010, with a surrender date likely to be set for early 2011. In the meantime, the government raised no objection to his continued release and agreed to the removal of his electronic monitoring.

Though Scott has accepted responsibility for the Lakeside Ferrets raid, we fundamentally disagree with the government's position that such acts of liberation warrant punishment, and we do not believe that the resolution of this case is a simple matter of guilt versus innocence. As happened with Scott, people are routinely threatened with overblown charges, disproportionate sentencing, and threats to their friends and families.

their right to a trial, in order to coerce guilty pleas. In this case, Assistant US Attorney Clift Cronk subpoenaed Carrie Feldman and Sonja Silvermail to testify at Scott's trial. Both Carrie and Sonja decided that they would refuse to testify, meaning that they would almost certainly have been held in contempt of court and could have been incarcerated for months or even years (there is no maximum sentence for criminal contempt). Thus, the risks associated with Scott going to trial included not only his own possible conviction and imprisonment, but also that of two friends and comrades.

We also think it is important to remind everyone of the way this case began, as it reveals much more about the system than does the resolution. In August of 2008, a multi-agency investigation into anti-RNC protest activity in the Twin Cities culminated in raids, arrests and conspiracy charges against eight anarchist organizers. As Special Agent Maureen Mazzola testified to on the stand in Scott's pre-trial hearing, the FBI used the pretext of this raid as a fishing expedition, searching Scott's room for anything linking him to "criminal activities" that fell well outside of the scope of the search warrant being executed. In this process, Mazzola came across a journal that she mistakenly believed linked him to the 2004 ALF raid at the University of Iowa (UI). FBI agents later reviewed this and other seized materials, including his computer, and we believe that at some point in the year after the RNC, they

raid. In the fall of 2009, he subpoenaed Carrie and Scott to a federal grand jury, offering them immunity in exchange for their testimony. They refused to cooperate and were jailed in Iowa on civil contempt, where Carrie stayed for four months before being released with no real explanation. After only a few days in jail, Scott was indicted for conspiracy to commit "animal enterprise terrorism" and accused of having some involvement in the 2004 UI raid. Likely due to the fact that Scott was not guilty of this, the original indictment (and, later, the first superseding indictment) failed to establish what Scott was actually alleged to have done to conspire. Cronk deftly avoided dealing with the problem by issuing superseding indictments each time Scott's attorneys filed motions to dismiss, rendering the arguments moot. But at some point in all of this, Cronk became aware of evidence linking Scott to the 2006 Lakeside Ferrets raid, and in the second superseding indictment, he tacked this action on to the alleged conspiracy, hoping that Scott's involvement in it could be used to finally convict someone for the UI raid. In the end, Cronk has had to settle for a guilty plea to a lesser offense, one that occurred outside of his district and which had no connection to the case he wanted to build. The raid on the University of Iowa remains unsolved, and it is clearer than ever that the case Cronk originally brought against Scott was abusive, vindictive and lacking in any factual basis.

In an era where "fighting terrorism" is the justification of choice for all manner of racist, xenophobic and COINTELPRO-type assaults on marginalized communities, the reality we face as radicals is that we are all terrorists in the eyes of the state. Evidence linking Scott to the Lakeside Ferrets raid had apparently existed for several years, but the fact that this wasn't important enough for the government to pursue until four years later demonstrates how little his misdemeanor activity in and of itself really mattered at all. The more significant truth in this case is that the state criminalizes political dissent and targets individuals and communities because of their political beliefs and associations, with a single-minded dedication to locking people up and little concern for the truth. And in their dedication to destroying any movement that threatens their hegemony, law enforcement and prosecutors collaborate in throwing mountains of shit at the wall just to see what sticks. The mere fact of Scott's vocal support for radical actions and ideas made him a target of the FBI several years ago, and he was swept up in a case that he had nothing to do with simply because he lived in a house with other anarchists, who themselves have been singled out by the state for their politics.

While we're of course glad that Scott is no longer facing the possibility of three years in prison, those of us who have supported him throughout this process find little cause for celebration at this moment. Nonetheless, we support Scott in his decision, we urge others to

charge of his felony indictment and earned a maximum of six months in prison and a period of supervised release. The government has agreed to ask for a sentence of the full six months in prison, but not to ask for the imposition of any fine. However, this is NOT a cooperating plea agreement; Scott has not been asked to testify against anyone else, nor would he do so. Scott's sentencing has been scheduled for December 15, 2010, with a surrender date likely to be set for early 2011. In the meantime, the government raised no objection to his continued release and agreed to the removal of his electronic monitoring.

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Apparently, the only office that bit was Cronk's, and he began a zealous effort to inject new life into the case around the 2004 UI

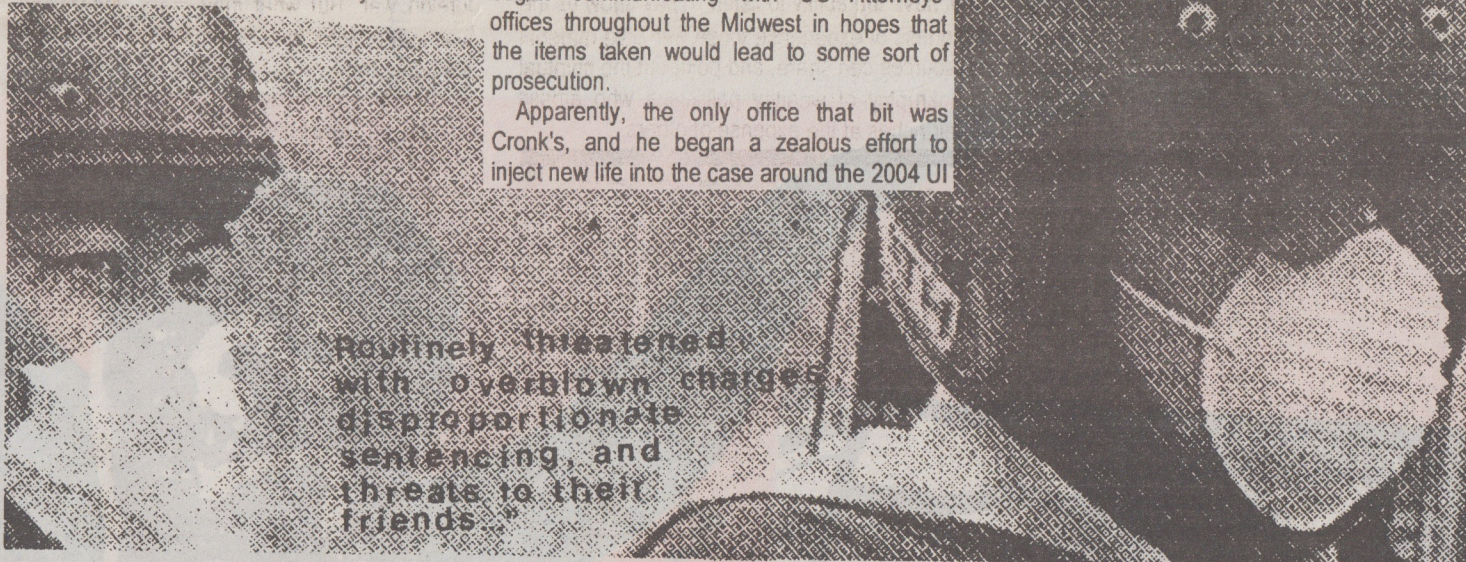
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However, Scott still faces large legal expenses. We ask all (who are able) to help us meet this need. Donations can be made through our support website or checks or money orders can be made out to Coldsnap Legal Collective with "EWOK!" in the memo line and sent to EWOK! c/o Coldsnap, P.O. Box 50514, Minneapolis, MN 55405. Lastly, we would like to say thank you to everyone who has shown support for Scott, Carrie, and Sonja over the months since the initial subpoenas.

For more info on Scott's and Carrie's situations, including court docs such as Scott's plea, and to donate to Scott's legal defense fund, visit davenportgrandjury.wordpress.com.



Routinely threatened with overblown charges, disproportionate sentencing, and threats to their friends.

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THE 2011 Slingshot

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October
October 23 • noon
Justice for Oscar Grant rally - 14th & Broadway,
Oakland
October 23
Anarchist Bookfair London, Ontario
londonanarchist@gmail.com
October 29 • 6 pm
San Francisco Critical Mass Halloween bike ride
- dress up / gather at Justin Herman Plaza
October 30 • 4:20 pm
Oakland Smoke-out - 14th & Broadway

November 13 • Noon
10 years of Indypay - Conference / party - 1658
12th Street, Oakland, CA
November 19-21
Mass action to shut down the School of the
Americas, Ft. Benning, GA soaw.org
November 20
Baltimore Free School's second annual Free
School Dance benefit 1323 N. Calvert St
Baltimore, MD <http://freeschool.redemmas.org/>
freeschool@redemmas.org
November 20 - 27
Caravan to support indigenous communities
resisting coal mining at Black Mesa AZ

The FUCHS Calendar

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Issue #104.1

Autumn 2010

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The FUG'N Calender

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– dress up / gather at Justin Herman Plaza

October 30 • 4:20 pm

Oakland Smoke-out – 14th & Broadway

November

November 1-3

Global Domestic Violence Conference Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
<http://domesticviolenceconference.net>

November 5

Mass Action on sentencing date of cop who killed Oscar Grant — no justice, no work, no peace

November 7 • 12-4

East Bay Hella Free Day: 1st Sunday of every month. Lake Merritt Amphitheater, Oakland

November 11-12

Protest the G20 Summit, Seoul, South Korea

November 13 • 1-7 pm

Carrboro Anarchist Bookfair - Chapel Hill/Carrboro at 405 1/2 W. Rosemary St.
carrboroanarchistbookfair.wordpress.com

November 13 • Noon

10 years of Indybay – Conference / party - 1658 12th Street, Oakland, CA

November 19-21

Mass action to shut down the School of the Americas, Ft. Benning, GA soaw.org

November 20

Baltimore Free School's second annual Free School Dance benefit 1323 N. Calvert St Baltimore, MD <http://freeschool.redemmas.org/>
freeschool@redemmas.org

November 20 - 27

Caravan to support indigenous communities resisting coal mining at Black Mesa, AZ.
www.blackmesais.org

November 26

Buy Nothing Day – ignore consumerism

November 28 • 4 pm

Slingshot new volunteer meeting location TBD

December

December 11 • 10-7 pm

Humboldt Anarchist Bookfair Manila Community Center 1611 Peninsula Dr– Arcata, CA

December 15

Skillshare & Dance party for East Bay Free Skool and Food Not @ Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo Ave. Berkeley

January

January 15 • 4 pm

Slingshot article deadline for issue #105

***Don't beg
for the right
to live —
take it***

